THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN
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BY H. A. McPIKE.

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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☞ Pay for your paper before you stop it, if stop it you must. None but scalawags do otherwise. Don't be a scalawag—life is too short.

Cambria Freeman.

H. A. McPIKE, Editor and Publisher.

"HE IS A FREEMAN WHOM THE TRUTH MAKES FREE, AND ALL ARE SLAVES BESIDE."

$1.50 and postage per year, in advance.

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Advertising Rates.

The large and reliable circulation of the CAMBRIA FREEMAN commends it to the favorable consideration of advertisers, whose favors will be inserted at the following low rates:

1 inch, 3 times	$1.50
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JOB PRINTING of all kind neatly and expeditiously executed at lowest prices. Don't you forget it.

A Few Frozen Facts for Clothing Buyers.

A long and active business experience renders it possible for

GODFREY WOLF,

NEXT DOOR TO THE POST-OFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.,

To fit and please everybody in CLOTHING. He believes that he has absolutely the very

BEST READY-MADE CLOTHING IN THE STATE.

The Best because it is the Finest.
The Best because it is Better Made.
The Best because it is Better Fitting.
The Best because it is Lower in Price.

The real goodness of our Clothing is manifest. We keep the

Harris Globe Mills, or Ray Worsted Goods,

Ready-made in Men's and Boys' Clothing.

There is NONE BETTER for WEAR.

Nowhere else is there such a superb stock of silk-lined, elegantly shaped, foreign fabric OVERCOATS. The colorings are beautiful and attractive beyond description.

Clothing for Young Men and Boys.

The same thoughtful attention is apparent in these departments, the stock being complete in the finest and most elegant garments.

COMPARISON OF OUR STYLES AND PRICES
SHOW HOW WELL OUR PATRONS ARE SERVED.

Underwear and Neckwear.

We have a splendid stock---much of it imported. Prices low.

THE BRISK BUSINESS AT THE OLD STAND
TESTIFIES TO THE FACT THAT
OUR CLOTHING IS JUST WHAT THE PUBLIC DESIRES,
WHILE OUR SYSTEM OF DOING BUSINESS,
HAVING BUT ONE PRICE AND GUARANTEEING SATISFACTION,
PROTECTS THE BUYER.

We have all our best goods manufactured to order, and our prices will be found lower than at any other respectable clothing house.

GODFREY WOLF'S PIONEER CLOTHING EMPORIUM,
NEXT TO POSTOFFICE, ALTOONA, PA.

GREAT BARGAINS
TO BE HAD AT THE
GOLDEN EAGLE **CLOTHING HOUSE**
COUCH'S NEW BUILDING,
Corner Eleventh Avenue and 13th Streets, ALTOONA, PA.,
WHERE HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED ABOUT
$20,000 WORTH of the BEST QUALITY and BEST MADE CLOTHING,
HATS, CAPS, GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS, ETC.,

Which we guarantee to sell at **20 per cent. less** than any other Clothing House in the city. Buyers may therefore rest assured that they can save from two to five dollars in the purchase of a suit of clothes or an overcoat by dealing with us. So please give us a call and examine our goods and learn our prices before investing your money elsewhere. No trouble to show goods.

H. MARCH, Proprietor.

ALTOONA, PA., OCTOBER 27, 1882.-tf.

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 CLINTON STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
—ALWAYS HAVE THE—
LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCK OF
Dry and Dress Goods,
NOTIONS, MILLINERY, CARPETS, ETC.,

to be found in Cambria or adjoining counties. ☞ Forget not the street and numbers and fail not to call, buy and be happy.

C. T. ROBERTS,

DEALER IN
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, BOOKS, STATIONERY,
BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, GROCERIES,
Notions, Medicines, Wall Paper, Cigars, Tobacco, Fancy Goods, Toys, &c.
VARIETY STORE, EBENSBURG, PA.
RELIABLE GOODS. HONEST PRICES. FAIR DEALING.

G. HUNTLEY

HAS RECENTLY REOPENED HIS
TIN-SHOP DEPARTMENT
UNDER THE SUPERINTENDENCE OF A
PROFICIENT AND ACCOMMODATING WORKMAN.
REPAIR WORK, HOUSE SPOUTING and ROOFING
ATTENDED TO ON SHORT NOTICE AND AT LOWEST PRICES.

REMOVES THE HOUR.

Guenther's Lung Healer.

For the Cure of Consumption, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Catarrh of the Chest, Dyspepsia, and all Pulmonary Organs. Price, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

TRADE MARK. GUENTHER & CO., Proprietors. PITTSBURGH, PA.
☞ JOHNSON HOLLOWAY & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia.

MAKE HENS LAY An English Veterinary surgeon and Chemist, now traveling in this country, says that most of the Horse and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose, 1 teaspoonful to 1 pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 6 letter-stamps. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., BOSTON, MASS.

—100— Years — Now Ready, Now Edition. LADIES in the ONLY BOOK of its kind ever published. A HISTORY of every Administration from WASHINGTON to the present time, with over 20 Steel Portraits of Ladies of the WHITE House, with views of many of the Homes of the Presidents. This is the most salable book published. AGENTS WANTED. Send for Circulars, with full particulars. "WHITE House. BRADLEY & CO., 66 S. Fourth Street, Philadelphia.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.
I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACE.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm

Effectually CLEANSES the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing HEALTHY SECRETIONS. Allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment *will cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c.* Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c. will mail a package.

☞ Sold by Ebensburg druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CO.,
March 17, 1882.-e.o.w.ly. Owego, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

A beneficial dressing preferred to similar articles because of its purity and rich perfume. It **Restores to Gray Hair the Youthful Color & Beauty.** prevents dandruff and falling of the hair. 50c. & $1, Hiscox & Co., N.Y.

FLORESTON

Exists the finest flower extracts in richness. Delicate, very lasting. No odor like it. Be sure you get FLORESTON. Signature of Hiscox & Co., N.Y., on every label. 25 and 75 cts., at druggists and dealers in perfumes.

COLOGNE

KIDNEY-WORT
IS A SURE CURE
for all diseases of the Kidneys and
—LIVER—

It has a specific action on this most important organ, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in free condition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria. If you are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure.

In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of MATTHEW MCMULLEN, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Matthew McMullen, late of Clearfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement, to

JOHN C. MCMULLEN,
St. Augustine, Cambria Co., Pa.
CELESTINE MCMULLEN,
Nov. 30, 1882. Altoona, Blair Co., Pa.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE.

Estate of RICHARD COLLINS, dec'd. Letters testamentary on the estate of Richard Collins, late of Clearfield township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

ROSE COLLINS, Executrix.
Clearfield Twp., Nov. 30, 1882.-6t.*

PENSIONS for Soldiers, Widows, Parents and Children. Any disease, wound or injury entitles. Milling force doubled. Prompt work and honors made happy. Fee $10. Apply now. WIDOWS, re-married, now entitled. Widow's widowhood. Great success in INCREASE cases. BOUNTY and Back Pay and Discharges procured. *Deserters* entitled to all done under new law. Rejected claims, Patents for Inventors. *Land Warrants* procured, bought and sold. The "WORLD & SOLDIER," weekly paper. Sample copy free. Send stamp for full instructions, blanks & bounty table. N. W. FITZGERALD & CO., Pension, Patent & Land Agts., Washington, D. C.

Dr. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
Nothing in the world equal to it for the cure of Scrofula, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Old Sores, Sore Eyes, Mercurial Diseases, Catarrh, Loss of Appetite, Female Complaints, and all Blood Diseases. It never fails. All druggists and country store keepers sell it. R. E. Sellers & Co., Prop'r, Pittsburgh, on every bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Dec. 1, 1882.-1y.

STRAY CALF.—Came to the premises of the subscriber in Washington township in September last, a white calf, with red spots on the body. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take it away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law. JAMES MURRAY.
Washington Twp., Dec. 8, 1882.-6t.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office on Centre street, near High.

OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That runs through a single hour.
But the morning dews must fall;
The sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadow flows,
And over and over again
The ponderous mill-wheel goes,
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing it be not in vain;
And, a blessing failing us once or twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet;
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though sorrowful tears may fall,
And the heart to its depths be driven
By the storm and tempest, we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

A MIRROR FOR MARRIED MEN.

ONE IN WHICH MANY MAY SEE THEMSELVES REFLECTED.

"Albert, I wish you would let me have seventy-five cents."

Kate Landman spoke very carefully, for she knew that her husband had not much money to spare; yet she spoke earnestly, and there was a world of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five cents for?" asked Albert.

"I want to get some braid for my new dress."

"I thought you had all the material on hand for that?"

"So I thought I had; but Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Thompson both have a trimming of braid upon theirs, and it looks very pretty. It is very fashionable, and it certainly adds much to the beauty of the dress."

"Plague take these women's fashions! Your endless trimmings and thing-a-majigs cost more than the dress is worth. It's nothing but shell out money, when once a woman thinks of a new dress."

"I don't have many new dresses. I do certainly try to be as economical as I can."

"It is funny economy, at all events. But if you must have it I suppose you must."

And Albert Landman took out his wallet and counted seventy-five cents; but he gave it grudgingly; and when he put the wallet back in his pocket, he did it with an emphasis which seemed to say that he would not take it out again for a week.

When Albert reached the outer door, on the way to his work, he found the weather threatening, and he concluded to go back and get his umbrella; and upon re-entering the room he found his wife in tears. She tried to hide the fact that she had been weeping, but he had caught her in the act, and asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the husband, "I should like to know if you are crying at what I said about the dress?"

"I was not crying at what you said, Albert," replied Kate tremulously; "but you were so reluctant to grant the favor. I was thinking how hard I have to work; I am tied to the house; how many little things I have to perplex me—then to think—"

"Pshaw!—what do you want to be foolish for?"

And away started Albert Landman a second time; but he was not to escape so easily. In the hall he was met by his daughter, Lizzie, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of ten years.

"O, papa, give me fifteen cents?"

"What?"

"O, I want fifteen cents. Do please give it to me."

"What in the world do you want with it? Are they changing school books again?"

"No; I want to buy a hoop. Ellen Smith has got one, and so has Mary Ruck and Sarah Ellen. Mr. Grant has got some real pretty ones to sell. Can't I have one?"

"Nonsense! If you want a hoop go and get one off some old barrel. I can't afford to be buying hoops for you to trundle about the streets."

"Please, papa."

"No, I told you."

The bright blue eyes filled with tears, and the child's sobbing broke upon his ear. Albert Landman hurried from the house with some very impatient words upon his lips.

This was the morning. At noon, when he came home to his dinner, there was a cloud over the household. His wife was sober, and even his little Lizzie, usually gay and blithesome, was sad and silent.

But these things could not last long in that household, for the couple loved each other devotedly, and were at heart kind and forbearing. When Albert came to his supper Kate greeted him with a kiss, and in a moment sunshine came back; and had the lesson ended there, the husband might have fancied that he had done nothing wrong, and that the cloud had been nothing but the exhalation of a domestic ferment, for which no one was particularly responsible, and might have banished the conviction that women's fashions was a nuisance and a humbug, as well as a frightful draft upon a husband's pockets.

After tea Albert did a few chores around the house and then lighted a cigar and walked out. He had gone but a short distance when he met Lizzie. In her right hand she dragged an old hoop, which she had taken from a dilapidated flour barrel, while with her left she was rubbing her red, swollen eyes. She was in deep grief, and was sobbing painfully. He stopped his child and asked her what was the matter.

She answered as well as her sobs would let her, that the other girls had laughed at her, and made fun of her old hoop. They had nice, pretty hoops, while her's was ugly and homely.

"Never mind," said Albert, patting the little one upon the head (for the child's grief touched him), perhaps we'll have a new hoop some time."

"Mayn't I have one now? Mr. Grant's got one left—oh, such a pretty one!"

The sobbing had ceased, as the child caught her father's hand eagerly.

"Not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll think of it."

Sobbing again, the child moved on toward home, dragging the old hoop after her.

At one of the stores, Albert Landman met some of his friends.

"Hello, Albert! What's up?"

"Nothing in particular."

"What do you say to a game of billiards, Albert?"

"Good! I'm in for that."

And away started Albert to the billiard hall, where he had a glorious time with his friends. He liked billiards; it was a healthy, pretty game, and the keeper of the hall allowed no rough scuffs on his premises.

They had played four games. Albert had won two, and his opponent had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom Piper. "What do you say to playing them right off, Albert?"

"All right, go in," said Albert, full of animation.

So they played the fifth game, and he who lost was to pay for the five games. It was an exciting contest. Both made capital runs, but in the end Albert was beaten by three points; and with a little laugh went up to settle the bill. Five games, twenty cents a game—just one dollar. Not much for such sport; and he paid out the money with a grace, and never once seemed to feel that he could not afford it.

"Have a cigar?" said Tom.

"Yes."

They lighted their cigars, and then sauntered down the hall to watch others play.

Albert soon found himself seated over against a table on which some of his friends were playing, and close by stood two gentlemen, strangers to him, one of whom was explaining to the other the mysteries of the game.

"It is a healthy pastime," said he who had been making the explanation, "certainly it is one which has no evil tendency."

Albert heard the remarks very plainly and he had a curiosity to hear what the other, who seemed to be unacquainted with billiards, would say.

"I cannot, of course, assert that any game which calls for skill and judgment and which is free from the attendant of gaming, is of itself an evil," remarked the second gentleman. "Such things are only evil so far as they stimulate men beyond the bounds of healthy recreation.

"That result can scarcely follow such a game," said the speaker.

But the other shook his head.

"You are wrong here. The result can follow in two ways: First, it can lead men to spend money, who have no money to spend. You will understand me. I would not cry down the game of billiards, for if I understood it I should certainly try you a game now; but I am led to reflect upon a most strange and prominent weakness of humanity as developed in our sex. For instance observe that young man who is settling his bill at the desk. He looks like a mechanic, and I should say from his manner, and from the fact that he felt it his duty to go home at this hour, that he has a wife and children. I see by his face that he is a kind-hearted and generous man, and I should judge that he means to do as near right as possible.—He has been beaten, and he pays one dollar and forty cents for the recreation of some two hours' duration. If you observe you will see that he pays it freely, and pockets the loss with a smile. Happy faculty! But how do you suppose it is in the young man's home? Suppose his wife had come to him and asked him for a dollar to spend for some trifling thing; some household ornaments, or some bit of jewelry to adorn her person; and suppose his little child had put in a plea for forty cents to buy paper and picture books with, what do you think he would have answered? Of fifty men just like him, would not forty and five have declared that they had not money to spare for any such purpose? And moreover, they would have said so, feeling that they were telling the truth. Am I not right?"

"Upon my soul," responded the man who understood billiards, "you speak to the point. I know that young man who has just paid his bill, and you have not misjudged him a single particular. And what is more, I happen to have a fact at hand to illustrate your charge. We have a club for an excellent literary paper in our village, and last year that man was one of our subscribers. This year he felt obliged to discontinue it. His wife was very anxious to take it, for it had become a general companion in leisure moments; but he could not afford it. The club was one dollar and fifty cents a year."

"Aye, and so it goes," said the other gentleman. "Well, that man's wife may be wishing at this very moment that she had her paper to read, while he is paying almost its full price for a year—for what? And yet how smilingly he does it. Ah! those poor, sympathizing wives! How many clouds often darken upon them from the brows of their husbands, when they ask for trifling sums of money, and how grudgingly the mite is handed over when it is given! What perfect floods of joy that dollar and forty cents might have poured upon that unsuccessful billiard player. Ah! it is well for such wives and children that they do not know where the money all goes."

They had finished at the nearest table. The two gentlemen moved on, and Albert Landman arose from his seat and left the house. Never before had he such thoughts as now possessed him; he had never dwelt upon the same grouping ideas. That very morning his own true, faithful, loving wife had been sad and heart sick because he had harshly and unkindly met her request for a small sum of money. And his sweet Lizzie had crept to her home almost broken hearted for want of a simple toy, such as her mates possessed. And yet the sum of both their wants amounted to not as much as he had paid away that evening for billiard playing.

Albert Landman wanted to be an honest husband and father, and the lesson was not lost upon him. On his way home he stopped at Mr. Grant's and purchased the best and prettiest hoop to be found, with driving stick painted red, white and blue, and in the morning, when he beheld his child's delight, and had received her grateful, happy kiss, the question came to his mind, which was the best and happiest result, this or the five games of billiards? The hoop had cost thirty cents. He could have played two games of billiards less, and be the absolute gainer of ten cents by the pleasant operation.

A few mornings after this, as Albert rose from the breakfast table, he detected an uneasy, wistful look upon his wife's face.

"Kate, what is it?"

"Albert, could you spare me a half dollar this morning?"

And out came his wallet, and the money was handed over with a warm, genial smile.

What! Tears at that? Was it possible she had been so little used to such scenes on his part that so simple an act of loving kindness had affected her.

How many games of billiards would be required to secure such satisfaction as Albert Landman carried with him that morning to his shop.

A very simple lesson, is it not? But how many may gain lasting profit by giving heed to the lesson!

AUNT JANE'S GHOST STORY.

In one of the old-fashioned family mansions on Arch street, Philadelphia, resides Aunt Jane, who, although now in her eighty-third year, is still as erect as a woman of fifty, and enjoying the best of health. She is the richest member of the A—— family, whose ancestry were among the emigrants with Wm. Penn, on the "Welcome." During the recent Bi-Centennial celebration week there was a large gathering of Aunt Jane's relations at her home, and one evening one of them said to Aunt Jane, "Auntie, dear, why did you never marry; you must have been such a pretty girl?"

For a moment a look of deep pain passed over the handsome features of the old lady, but only for a moment; then she looked up with a smile and said:

"Why did I never marry, Lucy? Perhaps because nobody would have me."

Then looking round at her nephews and nieces, she continued:

"My dears, I do not think any of you know how very near I was to getting married, and how it was prevented by a ghost. Come, I feel talkative to-night, so listen to an old woman's story:

I believe most of you know that I was born in what used to be a private house on Chestnut street. It stands, or did stand, near the northeast corner of Eighth and Chestnut. It has been known, I understand, for some years past as Dooner's hotel. It is now being pulled down to make room for a new and modern structure. That part of town was very different when I was a girl, and our house used to be called the End House, because, at the time it was built, it was considered to be almost out of the city. Benedict Arnold, the traitor, was married in the very room which used to be my mother's best parlor. And now, my dears, I must go back sixty-five years to the period when I was a girl of eighteen, and as full of fun and innocent frolic as a girl could be. I was engaged to be married to a Southern gentleman, a handsome, dashing fellow, and we loved each other with all our hearts. The day approached for our marriage, and it was arranged that we should be united in the parlor at home, in the very room in which Arnold had been wedded years previously. The traitor general had been dead comparatively a short while, but there were already idle stories current of his ghost haunting the place in which he lived when a citizen of Philadelphia. We who resided in one of the houses he frequented, used to laugh at the stories, and often jokingly asked each other whether 'the ghost' had paid a visit during the night.

"On the eve of what was to have been my nuptial day, the family were all gathered round the fire in the parlor just as we are now. Your Uncle George, whom few of you knew, and my lover were present, and somehow the conversation drifted upon Arnold's marriage and the alleged existence of his ghost. Brother George and my lover were not the best of friends. Your uncle was town bred, and was brought up to the profession of a lawyer. My betrothed had neither trade nor profession. His Southern notions scorned commerce or any occupation other than the army or navy, as derogatory to the position of a gentleman. Although a candidate for a commission he had not received an appointment in the army, and so his time was passed in riding over his large estates in Virginia, and looking after his overseers. Uncle George it was who began the remarks about Arnold. Turning to me he said:

"'Jennie, take care he does not visit you to-night, and frighten you out of your marriage.'

"My betrothed looked up fiercely at my brother, but I laughingly replied:

"'He had best not for I shall give him a piece of my American mind if he does.'

"Bed-time arrived and I wished my lover 'good-night.' There was something very tender and clinging in the kiss he respectfully pressed on my forehead. At the same time he showed me a pistol which he had fetched from his holsters. In those days gentlemen traveled well armed on horseback.

"'If the ghost appears to you, dear, fire this at him, and I'll warrant you will discover it to be some scamp of a servant or thief desiring to frighten you.'

I laughed at his foolish fears, but to please him I took the pistol and placed it under my pillow. I then went to mother's room. She wished to give me some loving advice, as if it was to be my last night under the roof at home.

"I cried a little while mother talked to me and after a loving caress from the fond arms, I returned to my chamber and soon fell asleep. I do not think I slumbered very long before I was awakened by the creaking of my room door. I turned toward it and distinctly saw a form moving slowly across the room. Somehow I did not feel frightened or inclined to scream. I think my only sensation was curiosity. A wide stream of moonlight came from the window and the figure halted just where the ray fell upon it and I saw a man's form before me, clad in a frock coat with epaulettes on the shoulders. A sword was at his side, and under his arm appeared to be a three-cornered hat. Benedict Arnold at once flashed across me, and a wild terror filled my heart, but I was unable to utter a sound. I thought of the pistol under my pillow.

"'If I can fire it assistance will come to me,' I thought.

"I pointed the weapon at the ghost and pulled the trigger. The powder flashed in the pan with a slight report; the figure slowly raised his arm and threw something toward me which fell with a thud on the bed near my hand. I mechanically clutched at the something, and with my fingers felt a round, heavy ball, just like a leaden pistol bullet. That is all I remember, for I fell back in a swoon, the forerunner of a brain fever, which deprived me of my reason for many months.

"When I recovered consciousness I found myself in bed with my mother seated by my side. I awoke as from a dream, for the remembrance of what had occurred came at once into my mind, and my first words to mother were:

"'The ghost! The ghost!'

"She hushed me and tried to persuade me that I had really been dreaming and soothed me to sleep again. By slow degrees, during the following days, I realized I had been ill a long time, and by equally slow processes my dear mother imparted to me the terrible tragedy which had taken place during the time of my sickness. I had to learn that both my lover and brother were dead.

"Arnold's ghost was a trick of my brother's, who had a high opinion of my courage. He had withdrawn the charge from the pistol during my absence in mother's room. He then dressed himself in an old Continental uniform stored in a closet, and entered my room in the manner I related, and after I snapped the pistol he threw the bullet at me. The poor fellow never imagined the horrible fright it would give me, nor do I myself believe it would have shocked me so dreadfully had he not thrown the bullet. It gave me the idea that the ghost must be real because the pistol ball could not penetrate it.

"When I fell back in a swoon my brother quickly hastened to my aid, and, finding his efforts unavailing, called for help. The household was speedily aroused, and George's presence in my room in the strange array was reluctantly explained by the unhappy culprit. I had fit after fit all that night, and the next day—the day which was to make me the bride of my lover—found me raving with brain fever. My brother had left the house stricken with remorse but he lingered round the premises, hoping for good news from the servants. While making inquiries after me he encountered my betrothed, who, without a word of parley, struck him to the ground. It is not in the nature of the men of our family to tolerate a blow, even under the grossest provocation, and I am sure my lover had cause for anger. In those days duels were regarded in a different light to what they are now, and so, while I was tossing on my bed of pain, the two men who were so dear to me were journeying to Virginia to kill each other. They met provided with seconds and all the necessary witnesses on what was then considered the field of honor. Pistols were the weapons and both fell—one with a bullet through the heart, the other through the brain.

"There were no sensational newspapers in those days, nor did gentle families care to make even their griefs public, and so only intimate friends knew of the weight of sorrow which had fallen upon our house and widowed my heart. In a family council it was decided to keep the matter a secret as far as possible, even among our own descendants, a compact which has been religiously kept, as much for my sake as for other reasons. As soon as I was convalescent I was taken abroad by my father, and I resided for many years in Europe. Time soothes, and I can think calmly, and, as you see, speak of my great grief, but I cannot tell you how often the dead forms of my lover and brother rise before me. They always smile at me, and sometimes I love to think it is their spirits which really appear to me to tell me they are waiting across the river to receive once more my love and forgiveness. There, my dears, there is an old woman's ghost story for you. God grant none of you will ever suffer as I have suffered."

NEW ARITHMETICAL PROBLEMS.—The length of a certain bean blower is one-third the length of a boy who is four feet high when he stands on a block five inches thick. What is the length of the blower?

A human body weighing 150 pounds falls fifty-five feet per second. How long will it take a baby weighing thirteen pounds to fall down a pair of stairs fourteen feet high?

Six men put in their capital to start a co-operative store. What was left after the manager got into Canada was valued at $250, and this represented one-fifth of what each man put in. How much did the manager get away with?

The average cost of curing a sore throat is thirty-seven cents, and the number of sore throats in this country average 21,000,000 per year. How much could America spend for going to the circus if our throats were brass-lined?

There are twenty-four newspaper reporters in Louisville, and each one kills an average of 150 cockroaches per day. How many victims would they number in 365 days?

A young man about to be married figures that $8 per week will support the family in luxury and erect a five-story building out of the savings of three years. How many days after his marriage before he will tumble to bean soup?

In a particular field are ninety-seven watermelons, and it is softly approached by five colored men in search of a woodchuck. How many times does ninety-seven go into five?

It costs a political candidate about $25 per head to retain thirty loafers to slug him through a convention and $159 for incidental expenses. How much is he out altogether, and in case he is left how long will it take him to make himself good by hoeing corn at $1 per day?

James and Henry go fishing and agree to divide. James has two nibbles and a bite from a dog, and Henry gets two ducklings and loses a twelve shilling hat. What is the share of each?

One person out of every five in the United States has one or more corns, and the cost of effecting a cure is $1.30. What is the number of corn victims, and what would be the cost of placing every person on a sound footing?

Every man who has arrived at the age of forty years has lost at least ten umbrellas worth $1 each. Estimating the number of of losers at 11,000,000, and granting that one-third of them have stolen seven umbrellas worth ten shillings each, what do you make the total loss?—*Detroit Free Press.*

"THE WOODS IS FULL OF 'EM."—This expression is in frequent use in this State, both in conversation and composition, and yet its origin is probably known to only one in a thousand of those who use it. A gentleman who claims to know gave a reporter for the *News* the following as the manner in which it was first used:

In the neighborhood of Washington, Wayne county, lived a well known character named Bill Dean. He is what is generally termed a "smart Aleck," always endeavoring to perpetrate a joke at somebody's expense. One day while riding to Richmond, every foot of which he knew, he espied an old gentleman named Cheezum, accoutred for a hunt, earnestly looking up a tree. Approaching him, Dean asked:

"Can you tell me the way to Richmond?"

"There was two of 'em just run up this tree," was the response of the old gentleman, who was somewhat deaf.

"I didn't ask you anything about squirrels. How far is it to Richmond?"

"One of 'em just went in that hole; didn't you see him?" the old man said earnestly.

Out of patience, Dean yelled out:

"You must be an old fool!"

"Yes," Cheezum responded, still gazing upward, "the woods is full of 'em."

AN exchange says: There are more puns made on Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup free of charge, than are paid for by the owners. A good thing deserves the notice of the press.

A STORY OF A SONG.

THE STRANGE ADVENTURE THAT ONCE BEFELL JOHN HOWARD PAYNE IN GEORGIA.

John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," was a warm personal friend of John Ross, who will be remembered as the celebrated chief of the Cherokees. At the time the Cherokees were removed from their homes in Georgia to their present possessions west of the Mississippi river, Payne was spending a few weeks in Georgia with Ross, who was occupying a miserable cabin, having been forcibly ejected from his former home. A number of the prominent Cherokees were in prison, and that portion of Georgia in which the tribe was located was scoured by armed squads of the Georgia militia, who had orders to arrest all who refused to leave the country. While Ross and Payne were seated before the fire in the hut the door was suddenly burst open and six or eight militiamen sprang into the room. The soldiers lost no time in taking their prisoners away. Ross was permitted to ride his own horse, while Payne was mounted on one led by a soldier. As the little party left the hovel rain began falling and continued until every man was drenched thoroughly. The journey lasted all night. Toward midnight Payne's escort, in order to keep himself awake, began humming: "Home, home, sweet home," when Payne remarked:

"Little did I expect to hear that song under such circumstances and such a time. Do you know the author?"

"No," said the soldier. "Do you?"

"Yes," answered Payne. "I composed it."

"The devil you did. You can tell that to some fellows, but not to me. Look here. You made that song, you say. If you did—and you know you didn't—you can say it all without stopping. It has something in it about pleasures and palaces. Now pitch in and reel it off and if you can't I'll bounce you from your horse and lead you instead of it."

The threat was answered by Payne, who repeated the song in a slow, subdued tone, and then sang it, making the old woods ring with tender melody and pathos of the words. It touched the heart of the rough soldier, who was not only captivated but convinced, and who said that the composer of such a song should never go to prison if he could help it. And when the party reached Milledgeville they were, after a preliminary examination, discharged much to their surprise. Payne insisted it was because the leader of the squad had been under the magnetic influence of Ross' conversation, and Ross insisted that they had been saved from insult and imprisonment by the power of "Home, Sweet Home," sung as only those who feel can sing it. The friendship existing between Ross and Payne endured until the grave closed over the mortal remains of the latter.—*Southern World.*

INSIDE HISTORY OF WEDDING CAKE.—"Do you keep wedding cake on tap—beg pardon, I mean ready-made?" asked a portly gentleman at the counter of a well-known caterer's establishment.

The affable lady behind the counter answered his question with another:

"Do you wish a new wedding cake or old?"

"The newest you have," he said. "How much is it a barrel—I mean a loaf?"

"Seventy-five cents a pound, and there are thirty pounds in a good sized loaf; but we have it cut and you can buy as much or as little as you want."

The gentleman looked relieved and bending over the counter, said in a confidential tone: "Slice up about a pound and put in some of the fluffy stuff that goes with it; you see I've been to Toledo and went to a friend's wedding party while I was there and they gave me a box of cake for my wife, and I left it in the car and it's gone on to Chicago, but she'll never know the difference."

The obliging caterer packaged a small box with the commodity and the gentleman was happy to get out of his dilemma so easily.

"Are you kept pretty busy making wedding cake?" he asked.

"Yes; orders are coming in all the time; we always have a number of cakes on hand for surprise weddings, and then the older fruit cake is the better. I never want to cut a cake that is less than four months old."

"What time of year is the best for this business?"

"After people have been to the sea shore and made the matches. I know as soon as they come into the store by the way they look into the show cases and the satisfied expression of their faces."

"Who orders the cake generally?"

"Well the mother of the bride that is to be does the talking, but the whole family have a finger in the pie—or cake, and it is quite a common thing for the mother of the bride to ask me to let them stir it once or twice so they can tell their friends they made it."

"Is all wedding cake made the same way?"

"No. The cheapest wedding cake I ever made was a gingerbread. The groom had the cake to buy and he was a dyspeptic, and ordered plain gingerbread, frosted and decorated."

SERIOUS HURTS THAT FAIL TO KILL.—A short time ago a shoemaker of Astoria, N. Y., shot himself twice with a heavy pistol, once in the ear and once in the mouth. He was brought to the Roosevelt Hospital, in this city, where it was discovered that the first ball glanced from the skull. The other is thought to be somewhere in the head, perhaps in the brain. Speedy death was expected; but the next day the patient walked away from the hospital, saying that he was sorry for the attempt on his life, but appeared to be in no immediate danger of dying.

With this case as a text, a writer in a morning paper reviews a large number of more or less marvelous cases of recovery from grievous hurts, showing that serious injuries to the main organs of the body are not always followed by death. Men persist in living, not only with bullets in their brain, holes in their stomach, dislocated vertebræ, and wounds in the heart, but even with open wounds clear through the body. During the civil war General H. A. Barnum, of Brooklyn, received in battle a wound which still remains an open passage through the body. For years the treatment of this wound has been simply to wear in it a roll of prepared lint, which is renewed daily. The suppuration of the wound is constant though variable.

General Shields, of Miscouri, had a similar wound

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

FRIDAY, - - - - DEC. 15, 1882.

HERE is a specimen brick of Bob Ingersoll's amazing and peculiar impudence. In discussing a question the other day in the Star-route cases in Judge Wylie's Court, "Royal Bob," looking square at the Judge, said: "I sometimes think your Honor is right in your decisions and sometimes I think you are wrong, and it is quite probable that in both instances I may be mistaken."

P. GRAY MEEK, Esq., editor of the Bellefonte *Watchman*, will be a candidate for Chief Clerk of the House at Harrisburg the approaching session of the Legislature. As his competency for the position is undisputed, we can only say that if long, consistent and unswerving devotion to the men and measures of the Democratic party constitute a valid claim upon it for recognition, there is no man in the commonwealth better deserving of its generous support than P. Gray Meek.

ONE of the greatest attractions for strangers who visit Washington is a colored Catholic church, one of the most costly in the city, and resting upon asolid financial basis. The choir, all the singers being colored, is regarded by the best judges as equal to that of any other in any city in the country and enjoys a high reputation for its artistic and admirable manner of rendering the most elaborate Masses. It is the custom of visitors from all parts of the Union when in Washington, to go to this church on Sunday evening, to hear the singing of vespers, which is said to be unsurpassed anywhere. The church is a great pet of the Archbishop of Baltimore, who takes a deep interest in the development and religious advancement of the colored race.

THE Committee on Postoffices in the lower branch of Congress on Friday last reported a bill reducing the ordinary letter postage from three to two cents, and no doubt is expressed at Washington about its passage during the present session. According to the report of the Postmaster General, the receipts of the department for the last fiscal year exceeded the disbursements nearly a million and a half of dollars, which is the first time in thirty-one years that the treasury has not been called upon to supply a deficiency. The department, therefore, being now more than self-sustaining, the time for a reduction in letter postage has come, and the appropriate committee in the House has recognized the fact by the prompt action it has taken in regard to it.

WE print in another part of our paper the prospectus of the Pittsburg *Daily* and *Weekly Post* for 1883. We have been a regular and careful reader of the *Post* for many, very many years, and the conviction is forced upon us that the older it grows the better it becomes. There is never any difficulty in telling its position on any question of public interest, for the reason that it never balks or hedges, but speaks out boldly and fearlessly in favor of what it deems to be just and true. The *Post* was a power in Western Pennsylvania in the late campaign, and the value of its services is properly appreciated by the Democracy of the entire State. No Democrat who can afford it, and who so poor that he cannot, ought to enter upon the new year without first becoming a subscriber to the *Weekly Post*.

STEPHEN W. DORSEY, of Star-route fame, expresses himself with much vigor and distinctness concerning some of the public men of the day. To a newspaper reporter he said last week, that the late Attorney-General, Wayne MacVeagh, "is a physical, moral and mental dyspeptic. Everything and everybody is green to him except himself, and he is all purity and goodness." Of burnt-faced Ben Brewster, the present Attorney General Mr. Dorsey was pleased to say, "He is too contemptible and disreputable a person to be discussed by decent persons in a decent journal. His beastly drunkenness and coarse profanity is a curse to the department of which he is head." This is rough on Brewster, who regards himself as the Chesterfield, as well as the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," of Mr. Arthur's cabinet.

CHARLES N. SHELLEY, a Democratic member of Congress from Alabama, don't seem to have much of a conscience—has shown, in fact, that he has none at all. At the last session his seat was contested by J. Q. Smith, who died in April, 1881, before the contest between them had been determined. The final result of it was that Shelley's seat was declared vacant. At the November election Shelley was elected for the unexpired term, which means the present three months' session, and he now insists that he is entitled to pay from the date of Smith's death, although he has received pay for two months of the time. This is simply another instance of the result of a contested seat in Congress, which is that both the contestant and seated member are ultimately paid the full salary, thus making it profitable for some men to get a nomination and then be defeated.

THERE is an encouraging prospect that the present Congress will enact a law that will tear up by the roots the collection of all money from government employees for political purposes. A bill reported a few days ago to the Senate makes it a crime, with a severe penalty attached, for any person to enter a public building, for the purpose of levying contributions or assessments from clerks or other employes. The shameless operations of Hubbell's Congressional Committee during the recent campaign, as well as the brazen impudence of Mahone in his daily visits to the different departments, intent upon the political assessment robbery by which he sought to bolster up his infamous cause in Virginia, were disgraceful to the country, and if the purity of the ballot-box, upon which the very existence of the Republic mainly depends, is to be preserved, the collection of money for corrupt purposes must be arrested with a vigorous and determined hand.

GENERAL TERRY, who is now stationed at Fort Snelling, Minnesota, was one of the three officers who composed the Military Board appointed by President Hayes to review the case of Fitz John Porter, and it will be remembered that in the light of the new evidence laid before the Board by General Porter's counsel, it completely reversed the finding of the Court martial that had convicted Porter nearly twenty years ago. It was this new evidence adduced before the Board, and its report to the President based upon it, that led Grant to make a thorough investigation of the case, and afterwards address a letter to President Arthur, in which he frankly acknowledged the great injustice he had done to Porter during nineteen years, and expressed his firm and undoubted belief in his innocence. Gen. Terry having read Gen. Grant's article in the Porter case in the December number of the *North American Review*, has addressed a letter to him, dated November 19th, of which the following is an extract:

"As perhaps you may know, I once, like yourself, believed Porter to be guilty. I believed that he had commited a crime so great that mere human law could provide no adequate punishment for it. But when it became my duty to examine into the case carefully I found that I had grossly erred. I found that instead of being a criminal he was a martyr.

"So believing, it is a source of very great satisfaction to me that I have borne some small part in his vindication.

"Looking back over the years that have elapsed since I entered the military service, nothing gives me so much pleasure than the fact that I have had some part in the vindication, and I can think of nothing in the future which would be so grateful to me as to be able to do something more in behalf of one who has suffered so grievously and so unjustly. While I feel thus, you may imagine the gratatification with which I find that the opinion which I now entertain, that what I believe to be the cause of truth, of right and of justice is so strongly supported by yourself, and you will pardon me, I am sure, for expressing to you my feelings."

IT has often been conjectured, but never accurately known, how much money Stephen W. Dorsey disbursed in Indiana in 1880 in order to carry the election for the Republican State ticket in October, and thus pave the way for Garfield's election in November. Dorsey himself saw fit one day last week to simplify the matter in an interview with a newspaper reporter. He was asked, "How much money was used by your special committee in Indiana?" His answer was, "I think a little over $400,000." This fund was raised in Philadelphia and New York at the instance of that "Christian Statesman," John Welch, late Minister to England, and was liberally subscribed to by Levi P. Morton, a rich banker of New York, who was rewarded by Garfield with the American mission to France—a position which he still holds. Dorsey also stated in the interview referred to that to carry New York for Garfield required "just about four times as much as in Indiana" or, in other words about a million and a half. He said in addition that both Garfield and Arthur knew perfectly well about how it was intended to carry Indiana and New York, and that Garfield went with Blaine to the celebrated conference at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city, just after the disastrous result of the Maine election, in the early part of September, at which the subject of how to carry the two States named was fully discussed. Garfield's admirers are now trying to raise money to erect an enduring monument to his memory, and if they succeed the friends of Stephen W. Dorsey, after he "shuffles off this mortal coil," ought to have one put up alongside of it. "Let justice be done though the heavens should fall."

A REPUBLICAN paper makes the statement that "seven BlaineCluns were organized in this State last week?" It is not long since Blaine made the positive announcement through the press, that in no possible event would he consent to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1884. In spite, however, of his own declaration, his friends and admirers have an undoubted right to form Blaine Clubs in this and every other State, if that sort of amusement affords them any pleasure, as is presumably the case. Of all the political delusions of the day under some one of which men in both parties delight to labor, the one that looks to the time when James G. Blaine will be elected to the Presidency is the greatest and the most preposterous. Since his contest with Grant at the Chicago convention, in 1880, the chances that he will ever reach the goal of his ambition have been growing small by degrees and beautifully less. Blaine will never be President any more than Roscoe Conkling or John Sherman.

ACCORDING to the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, that unmitigated scoundrel, John C. Delaney, drew from the treasury in one year $1,200 compensation as Senate librarian, and, in addition, $600 for "services as librarian, recess December 31, 1881;" $310 for new desks for Secretary of Commonwealth's office;" $1,315 for "reparing rooms and book cases;" $428 for desks, tables, etc., $908,-62 for "radiators for departments;" $208 for "safe for stationery department;" $1,253 for furnishing desks for departments;" $2,114.75 for "furnishing offices of the Senate and State Treasury," and $900 for "postage, labor and express charges." This is a sample of the reckless way the people's money is spent at Harrisburg, and it would be a mere matter of conjecture how much of the aggregate of these items, over and above his salary, found its way into Delaney's pockets. Delaney's diversified occupations will be materially curtailed, we hope, before the adjournment of the next Legislature.

MR. PATTISON, accompanied by his private secretary and Senator Gordon, of Philadelphia, visited Harrisburg on Saturday last. The party called at the Executive chamber, and were shown through the different departments, and also through the Executive mansion. After dining in the afternoon with the Governor at Russ' Grand Hotel, Mr. Pattison and the gentlemen with him left for Philadelphia.

WE are glad to state that the Clearfield *Republican* is the *only* Democratic paper in the State, so far as we know, that opposes the election of an Independent Republican as President *pro tem.* of the State Senate and favors a coalition between the Democratic and Cameron Senators in effecting an organization of that body.

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

THE FIRST BLIZZARD OF WINTER, WITH WINTER REFLECTIONS, AND A BRIEF NOTICE OF "CHET'S" MESSAGE—THE LORDLY BOB TOMBS AND HIS TRAITS OF CHARACTER—DEAD OFFICIALS, AND THE USE THEY SHOULD BE PUT TO, ETC., ETC.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 11, 1882.

DEAR MCPIKE—A regular blizzard bounced down upon us on Tuesday night last and has kept blizzarding us ever since. Well, let it blizzard, but while it keeps blizzarding let us not forget the poor. "Blessed is he that considereth the poor." Winter is at hand, and to many it is a bleak and bitter one. But the bleaker and bitterer it is the better opportunities it affords those who have the grace to bear it the privilege of considering the poor. The cares of to-morrow be lightened by the cares of to-day. Let all remember the beatitude, "Blessed is he who considereth the poor."—There are many who need to be considered within the sound of every church bell, and there are many who could not do better than to so act as to claim the beatitude as their own.

It is an exceedingly sad reflection that the babes of Beecher's flock will have to take their chances of salvation through the winter. A short time ago he baptized fourteen infants in Plymouth church, making one job of it, and then announced that it would be the last lot he would baptize until the return of warm weather in May or June next.—Let us hope that none of the babes of Beecher's flock will die in the meantime.

As every correspondent has something to say about the President's message, I will perform my duty in that work by briefly saying: There is no subsidy schemes running between its lines, and no public or private jobs lurking behind its paragraphs. From beginning to end there is not a line upon which dishonest hopes could be built. The whole message is in the interest of honest and economical government. Bully for "Chet."

GENERAL ROBERT TOOMBS.

I see that General Robert Toombs has been in Washington, and fell into the hands of interviewers. By one he is quoted as saying, "The mission of the Democratic party is to work for the good of the nation; to work for the national welfare, and let special interests take care of themselves." There is a world of meaning in that simple sentence. The Democratic party must nationalize itself, and Southern Democrats must learn that the country has grown a little since 1860, and consequently requires broader statesmanship to run it.

Bob. Toombs is a man after my own heart. While he despises an enemy he cherishes a friend. General Toombs is brave, magnanimous and generous to a fault, and, unlike almost every other politician, he has never had the least ambition for money or prominence in political life. He is perhaps the only American in the Union without a country. While all other Southerners renewed their allegiance to the Union, Toombs remained impliteable and defiant; yet he is to-day one of its most devoted, earnest, honest friends.

When General Toombs refused an important position in the Confederate service and was told that "there were few men had a chance to take such a position, his reply was: "Yes, and a d——d sight fewer who would refuse." Gen. Toombs is a very remarkable man. He is in many respects the most remarkable man the South ever produced. He is kingly in all his ways. His whole private and political life is unequalled for nobleness and brilliancy.

DEAD OFFICIALS.

Some steps should at once be taken to modify the formalities over dead officials. With the increasing number of Senators and Representatives, with the fast and furious life at the Federal Capital, and with the spreading malaria which makes its atmosphere unwholesome, some philosophical method should be applied to the obituary necessities of Congress. Let the philosophic suggestion of old Ben. Franklin be introduced in Congress in the disposal of its mortuary business. Ben. suggested the propriety of saying grace over a whole barrel of pork once for all, instead of saying it over every fry. Let Congress fix a day near the close of the session for the especial purpose of paying funeral respects to dead members. Like saying grace over a whole barrel of pork, they can at the same time pay funeral respect to all their dead fellow officials. If Senators and Congressmen die in office without reference to time or to the urgency of public business, a new rule of Congress should be adopted for the prompt disposal of its mortuary business. There has already been several deaths of members elect of the next Congress, and there doubtless will be others before the end of its first session, so let it prepare for saying grace over all of them at one and the same time.

Official funeral ostentation has degenerated into a junketing frolic and, in expensiveness, to the entombment of a grandee. If the study of anatomy is a necessity, I suggest to have the subjects for dissection limited to officials dying in office. In that way they can be made useful after death, and their corruption would not be greater than in life. The knife of the surgeon is preferable to the rot of the grave. Any decent member of Congress will prefer the dissecting table to that horrible Congressional burying ground.

SMALL FAVORS THANKFULLY RECEIVED.

Small favors are to be thankfully received, and the Tariff Commission report, recommending a general reduction of 20 per cent. in the tariff, is a small favor which is very thankfully received. It does seem now as if it were not possible to stop tariff reform. This proposed reduction by the Commission, however gratefully received, is a surprise to the country, for the reason that the people know that the Commission was not organized to make such a report, and that its verdict is due to the late elections.

OUR COMING LEGISLATURE.

Democratic papers are already stupidly trying to raise a sectional issue in the Democratic ranks over the Speakership of the next House of Representatives. Let us hope the House will not be organized this winter as it was in 1875, when the Democrats obtained their last Legislative majority. It was then organized under the most approved Republican pattern. The election of Patterson for Speaker was an inexcusable blunder, and the selection of many of the House officials was shameful, while the whole parliamentary proceeding of the session was scandalous in the extreme. It was a disgrace to the Democracy of the State, and most unfortunate for the Democratic party, that it elected a majority of the State Legislature in 1874. God forbid that the coming Democratic Legislature should disgrace the Democracy as did the last Democratic House.

The egregious blundering of a Democratic Legislature in 1875 was the cause of Democratic disaster at the following election, as the blundering of the last Congressional session was disastrous to the Republican party throughout the country. Both speakers, Patterson and Keifer, were clumsy blunderers. Both were under sinister and dangerous influences. The imbecility of Speaker Patterson and his subserviency to dishonest, reckless leaders, was disastrous to the Democracy of Pennsylvania, as was that of Keifer's to the Republicans of the Union. Both men organized their committees in the interest of jobbers, and both gave a lose rein to bad men and shameful scenes that disgusted the State and the Nation. Let their examples be the beacons of a mighty warning, to both the Democracy of Pennsylvania and that of the Union. Let the Speaker of the coming Pennsylvania Legislature be a man of brains and honor.

IS IT ALL "FUSS AND FEATHERS?"

All at once Shirtfrills Brewster, Attorney General, threatens to become more formidable to the Star routers than could possibly be a whole colony of dynamite Nihilists. Brewster's shirtfrills are bristling all over with fight.—Let us hope it will rise above "fuss and feathers." When Benjamin does shake his skirts and frills there is something brewing. "Chet's" rapid decapitation of those partaking of Government pap is furnishing food for reflection. Honest people wonder why Corkhill was spared while "Chet." was running the guillotine. "Corkey" is reputed to be the greatest knave for the amount of his brains within the District of Columbia.

THE CASE REVERSED.

Shakspeare said: "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is often interred with the bones." In Garfield's case the people have reversed Shakspeare's saying. The newspapers have been since Garfield's death full of praise of him. Volumes have been written in praise of Garfield's policy. Just what that policy was, however, and what was in it that was praiseworthy, are matters which they leave to the imagination.—One thing is sure, that the Garfield administration discovered Mahone, and gave Mahoneism its confidence and support. If that is praiseworthy let Garfield worshippers rejoice.

AN INTERESTING WARFARE.

There is nothing tame in the wordy war between the two great sword twisters, Grant and Logan. They are now giving the public an interesting variation of Silas Wegg's "declining and falling of the Rooshan Empire." Black John has come out with a six-column reply to Gift-taker on the Porter case.—Jack is on the rampage. Verbs and adjectives will have to stand from under. The shows of the season are said to be tame. This is going to beat the minstrels. This is jolly. By the way, it will not be thought out of place I hope to say that the notorious conduct of the Chinese troops in Corea leads to the suspicion that they are rapidly becoming naturalized, which fact is doubtless connected with Grant's late visit to the Chinese Empire.

INTERESTING GOSSIP.

It is not true, as reported, that Oscar Wilde hadn't his hair, and that his shorn locks were distributed among his female acquaintances, to be worked up into Florentine trinkets. But it is true that "Chet." is afraid to remove Corkhill, because Corkhill is akin to the Supreme Court, or rather to the Judge Miller part of it. It is also true that brother Talmage has permanently retired from the business of manufacturing Kangaroo Presidential tickets, and it is due to the people that he has made public proclamation of the fact. It will be joyful intelligence to the readers of the FREEMAN to learn that General Grant has lately manifested great interest in Dr. Newman's discourses. His best friends say that at first he invariably went to sleep in church. Now he sits bolt upright during the entire discourse and evidently follows the Doctor through the text, proposition, argumentation, illustration, application, exhortation, peroration and all. The female readers of the FREEMAN will be pleased to learn that Davy Davis' affianced is coy—that she will not at her time of life go through the gayeties of a Washington season. She is still a miss, verging on forty. Davy is like a hippodrome elephant, indulging in love's young dream even on his daily parade. It will be cheering to know that the "gaugrene," which was about to terminate the life of the illustrious Hendricks, was nothing but a "boil." G. N. S.

Mr. Patterson Meant What He Said.

Lyman Dorman, Huntingdon, Conn., Aug. 23, 1866, writes: I hereby certify that my boy, ten years of age, was taken sick with typhoid fever, followed by congestion of the lungs. Dr. Dyer, an eminent physician of this place, stated that he thought the boy would run down with Quick Consumption. A Mr. Patterson told me that a Coe's Cough Balsam was curing similar cases, and advised me to purchase it. When I carried it home my wife laughed at me; but I knew that Mr. Patterson meant what he said, and I determined to try it. Two bottles effectually cured him, so that now he is as healthy and tough as any body.

GIVING 1,700 TURKEYS AWAY.—Over 23,000 pounds of Christmas turkeys will be given away on Monday next to the employes of Hamilton Disston & Co., by the firm. There are in all 1,700 men and boys employed in the firm's saw mills at Front and Laurel streets, Philadelphia, and at Tacony, each of whom will be presented with a fat turkey, except in the case of a few, who will be given an equivalent in cash. On Monday afternoon the men will be marshaled in line in the shop yard, and as each passes through the gate he will be presented with a fat gobbler, weighing not less than fourteen pounds. The largest fowls will be given to those having the largest families, and in cases where there are several members of the same family in the works the younger members will be presented with a cash equivalent. At the present price of turkeys the firm's Christmas gifts to their men will cost them about $5,000. It has been a custom with the Disstons for many years to make this annual holiday donation, so that no family connected with the works need go without a Christmas turkey.

A MIRACLE IN OIL CITY.

DOCTORS DUMFOUNDED—DRUGGISTS AND THE PEOPLE WILD WITH EXCITEMENT.

[From the Oil City *Derrick*, July 21st, 1881.]

Miss Maggie Martin, of this city, has been ill and confined to her house for several years. Our best physicians failed to give her relief. She took *Peruna* and, to the astonishment of all who knew her, she is now up and about again. Mr. Simmons, the druggist, sold 184 bottles last week. He buys in gross lots. Mr. Powell, too, sells it. Ask your druggist for Dr. Hartman's "Ills of Life" (gratis) or address Dr. H., at Osborn, O., for one.

AN EDUCATED CROW.—A crow in the possession of David Davis, storekeeper at Merion Square, is in many respects a very remarkable one. It will imitate the crowing of a rooster to pleases, the nomadic life of the wild crow has no attraction for it in its domesticated state.—*Norristown Herald.*

ONE EXPERIENCE FROM MANY.

I have been sick and miserable so long and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural, but when I told them what had helped me, they said, "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well and us happy."—The Mother.

GIVE NEWSPAPER READERS A CHANCE.—While proposing to reduce the letter postage on letters to 2 cents, would it not be well to take a turn at newspaper postage? It is a fact that express companies carry newspapers cheaper than they can be sent through the mails, and that, too, while paying more for railroad service than the government. Give newspaper readers a chance.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Dr. Green's Oxygenated Bitters

is the oldest and best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion, all disorders of the stomach, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the Blood, Kidneys, and Liver.

THE youngest Governor, James B. Grant, of Colorado, is a Democrat, and so is the oldest, Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia. The true Jeffersonian principle covers all ages and sizes.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A SENSIBLE SPEECH

A reception was given to Governor-elect Grover Cleveland, of New York, by the Manhattan Club of the city of New York, on Tuesday evening of last week. The reception was attended by fully one thousand persons, embracing many of the leading Democrats of New York, as well as of the adjoining States. The President of the club having introduced Mr. Cleveland in a few appropriate remarks, that gentleman made the following reply abounding in strong common sense:

"It is not without great embarrassment that I attempt to say a few words in response to those so well spoken and to express my thanks for the kindness and good will of which this occasion is an evidence. This scene and these surroundings are new and strange to me, and, notwithstanding all that is calculated to reassure and comfort me in the kindness of your welcome, when I am reminded of the circumstances which give rise to this reunion a sense of grave responsibility weighs upon me and tempers every other sentiment. We stand to-night in the full glare of a grand and brilliant manifestation of popular will, and, in the light of it, how vain and small appear the tricks of politicians and the movements of party machinery! He must be blind who cannot see that the people well understand their power and are determined to use it when their rights and interests are threatened. There should be no skepticism as to the strength and perpetuity of our popular government. Parties and leaders have learned, too, that the people will not unwittingly and blindly follow and that something more than unmeaning devotion to party is necessary to secure their allegiance. I am quite certain, too, that the late demonstration did not spring from any pre-existing love for the party called to power. Nor did the people place the affairs of state in our hands to be by them forgotten. They voted for themselves and their own interests.

"If we retain their confidence we must deserve it, and we may be sure they will call on us to give an account of our stewardship. We shall utterly fail to read aright the signs of the times, if we are not fully convinced that the parties are but the instruments through which the people work their will and that when they become less or more the people desert or destroy them. The vanquished have lately learned these things' and the victors will act wisely if they profit by the lesson. I have heard and read much of late touching the great responsibility that has been cast upon me, and it is certainly predicated upon the fact that my majority was so large as to indicate that many not members of my party supported me. God knows how fully I appreciate the responsibility of the high office to which I have been called, and how much I sometimes feel that I cannot bear the burden well. It seems to me, however, that the citizen who has been chosen by his fellows to discharge public duties owes no less or more to them, whether he was elected by a small or large majority. In either event he owes to the people who honored him his best endeavors to carefully protect their rights and further their interests. But if it is merely intended to remind me that as a member of a party, attached to its principles, and anxious for its continued supremacy, my conduct should be such as to give hope and confidence to those that are with us, I have to say that this responsibility should be shared by all the members of the party. An administration is only successful in a partisan sense when it appears to be the outgrowth and result of party principles. Men who lead and others who follow should all strive to commend to the people in this, the time of our opportunity, not an administration alone, but a party which shall appear fully adequate to their wants and useful to their purposes. The time honored doctrines of the party are dear to me. If honestly applied, I know the affairs of government would be honestly and fittingly administered, and I believe all the wants and needs of the people would be met. They have survived all changes. Let us hold them as a sacred trust, and let us not forget that an intelligent people will look to the party they put in power to supply all their various wants and needs, and the party that keeps pace with the developments and progress of the time, which keep in sight its landmarks and yet observes those things which are to be mended, and which will continue true to the people as well as to its traditions, will be the dominent party of the future. In conclusion, may I bespeak for myself your kind support and consideration? My only aspiration is faithfully to perform the duties of the office to which the people of my State have called me. I hope and trust that personal endeavor will light the way to a successful administration."

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop dampling death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother or daughter can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

BRUTAL CASE OF ABANDONMENT.—Susan Graw, aged 9 years, suffering with small-pox and nearly frozen, was found lying in an open yard of a house in South Baltimore early Friday morning. The case was at once reported to the Health Office, and when Inspector Brown reached the scene he found the child lying prone upon its back and nearly naked, its only covering being a few filthy rags. The ground was frozen hard, while under and around the child were several pools of water covered with ice. The child, benumbed and unable to utter a word, was placed in the ambulance and taken to the Quarantine Hospital. It was afterward learned that the mother of the child, who lives in the neighborhood, on discovering that the child had the small-pox, sent her out in the cold to find a shelter wherever she could, and it is thought that the child wandered about until, benumbed by the cold, she entered the yard to seek shelter, but, fearing to ask admission to the house, fainted from exposure. The mother, on being told of the case, said that she "had no time to fool with her," that she "had a place out at service which paid her better than looking after a child with the small pox." The Health Commissioners will prosecute the mother to the full extent of the law.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

At a recent meeting of the overseers of Harvard College, a discussion was held upon a resolution which has been before the board for several weeks, that in the opinion of this board, the statutes making attendance on morning prayers and other religious exercises compulsory should be repealed. The board, by a strong vote, refused to adopt the resolution. But Mr. George Shiffer, lately of Martinsburgh, Blair Co., Pa., who had a cancerous growth on his nose, and who was advised the use of *Peruna*, before a visit to a Cancer Hospital, was allowed to take that par-excellent remedy, and by its use for a very short time, was cured completely—page 24 in the "Ills of Life"—get one from your druggist.

—The San Diego (Cal.) *Sun* says that the horseshoer employed by Henry Koster, at his blacksmith shop on F street made a discovery the other day which, though vouched for by the most responsible parties, seems almost impossible of belief. A mule old family mag belonging to William Jorres, was brought to the shop to be reshod. The hoofs had grown very long, leaving hollow grooves beneath their outer rims. On cutting away this shell to make a foundation for the shoe a hole was noticed underneath and the attention of Mr. Koster was called to it. At length of that was their astonishment to find six young living mice cosily nestled within the hollow disc. How they got there so safely is a question.

—Mrs. Kennedy, of Rutland, Vt., has been sent to the House of Correction for a term of nearly fifty years for violating the liquor law. She was convicted of two hundred and ninety-five second offenses under the law, and, being unable to pay the fines and costs, she must serve it out in jail.

MOTHER SWAN'S WORM SYRUP.—Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cuthartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 26o,

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Diphtheria has broken out in Phoenixville and an epidemic is apprehended.

—Four babies born in Easton since the election have been christened Robert E. Pattison.

—E. K. McConkey, Illiam, says: Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me of a dull heavy pain in my head with tired and languid feelings.

—H. H. Douglass, a well known business man of Westmoreland county, has been held to bail in Greensburg for embezzling $1,100.

—In Cambridgeport, Mass., Friday afternoon, Michael Garrity, while picking up sticks of wood near a circular saw, slipped and fell against the saw, which cut his head off.

—Nineteen members of the present Congress were born on the other side of the water. The largest proportion of the foreign born members claim Ireland as their fatherland.

—William Bastard, of North Middlesex, Ont., has been lodged in jail, charged with killing his insane wife by pushing her against a stove, causing injuries which resulted in her death.

—Margaret Glancey was found dead at her home in Wilkesbarre on Sunday, with a cut in her head. It is said she had considerable money in the house. The case is involved in mystery.

—John Lavick, a British trooper, who claimed that he rode with the six hundred at Balaklava, died at Youngstown, Ohio, on Thursday. His death was caused by a fall from a bridge.

—Surrey Williams, of Atlanta, Ga., became enraged at his 16-year old daughter on Monday, and whipped her brutally. He only desisted when she fell to the ground insensible. She died within an hour.

—The family of Lewis Brandenberg, a well known citizen of Bloomington, Ia., was poisoned a few days ago by eating trichinae in sausages. One of the family died and Mr. Brandenberg and wife cannot recover.

—Cyrus Barber, of Westerly, R. I., twenty-four years of age, while insane on the subject of religion, jumped from a window at midnight on Sunday night ran to a woodpile and with an axe chopped his leg nearly off.

—Kirtland, Ohio, twenty-five miles from Cleveland, is disturbed over an attempt to revive Mormonism there and to restore the ruined temple of that faith. A State that re-elects Keifer need not blush for Mormonism.

—In Washington county, Ga., Caroline Scott accidentally pushed a shot gun from a shelf, discharging it, killing her infant child, fatally wounding her daughter, aged nine years, and seriously injuring two other children.

—It is hinted that Governor-elect Cleveland, of New York, is soon to be married to Miss Mary Burlingame, of the vicinity of Utica, and it is further whispered that he has been desirous so to be for the last six years.

—Isaac Newton Savage, aged 15 years, of Fayette county, recently met Ellen Barnhouse Knox, aged 14 years, became enamored proposed marriage, was accepted, and the twain were united in wedlock, all having occurred within twenty-hours.

—A fifteen-year-old Scotch lad was in Pittsburgh the other day in search of his uncle, Thomas Mount, who formerly resided in Minersville. He was in nowise disconcerted, as he claimed to have made two voyages to China previous to his emigration to this country.

—Early Friday morning an unknown man, about 35 years old, applied for permission to enter the engine room of the mill at Sixty-third and South streets, Philadelphia. He was ejected, and four hours later, he was found frozen to death at Sixty-first street and Marshall road.

—Lightning struck the barn of Wesley Sprague, near Baldwin, L. I., cut the hay in the mow into two parts as evenly as though cut with a knife, and passed into his stables, killing his horse. It then followed the ground for forty feet, striking a hog pen and killing two hogs.

—Thomas Thompson, of Westfield, N. Y., fell from a moving train in the Lake Shore yard, at Erie, on Saturday, and was instantly killed. The head was ground to a pulp, the limbs torn from the body, and the fragments of the trunk dragged along the track two or three hundred yards.

—There seems to be a general protest on the part of the New York clergy against the proposed representation by a dramatic company of the sorrows of Gethsemane and the agonies of Calvary. Eminent divines of all denominations regard with horror the threatened "Passion Play."

—Two sons of Samuel Chubbuck, one of the murderers of Morgan according to Thurlow Weed, are well sinkers at Allentown, Pa. They indignantly deny that their father had aught to do with the Morgan abduction, asserting that he was tried and that no proofs could be found against him.

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—A man in Marshall county, Mississippi, owns a rock stone which he claims has cured 1,229 cases of snake bite, stings of poisonous insects and the like and never has failed. An Alabama physician named Barker brought it from China 70 years ago. The present owner, who declares that he has refused $7,500 for it, inherited it from his father, who was one of a syndicate that bought it at the death of Dr. Barker.

—The old worn out machinery in the Vincent Sawmill at Shawneetown, Ill., gave out on Monday, and in consequence eight men met a horrible death and several others were terribly injured. The engine, an old-fashioned and used up affair, was supplied with water by an automatic pump. On Monday the pump gave out. The water was very soon used up in the boiler. When the engineer discovered the state of affairs, he started to give the warning. Some one, however, it is supposed, turned on some water. There was at once a terrific explosion. The mill building was blown almost to atoms.

—Mrs. Collins, wife of a prominent Bradford man, who has been for some months in the Buffalo State asylum, was taken out on a writ of habeas corpus. It was stated by her counsel and friends that she has never been insane. There is a scandal in connection with the case. A short time before her arrest she was told that her husband was unfaithful and she openly accused two Buffalo ladies of undue familiarity with him. She then went to Buffalo with a view of obtaining a divorce and was soon afterward committed to the asylum. It is alleged that there was crookedness in the manner of her commitment.

Spalding's Cephalic Pills

Cure headache and regulate the Stomach and Liver.

Holiday Goods at Wanamaker's.

One quarter in the store is peculiarly a Holiday quarter, a gift quarter; a place where just a little use is made the vehicle for a great deal of luxury. It is full now; full of wonders; full of pretty things; full of silly things; full of surprises; full of what nobody expects; full of what everybody expects; full, as it has been full near Christmas time before.

Beginning at the very centre of the store, next north are two counters, one of them very large, and one half as large, filled to overflowing with perfumeries and other toilet articles and implements. We positively must not begin to mention names, nor even classes. The only way to get away from these miraculous things is to break away.

Next northwest is a collection of small things that people used to luxury will recognize under the name small leather articles. About the biggest thing there is a portfolio or writing-case. Pocketbooks are the commonest. But such pocketbooks! Oh, yes you can get good substantial pocketbooks there, with not a cent of extravagance in them; but naturally we are thinking of the brighter ones. Leather isn't fine enough. They must enamel it, paint it, deck it out with silk and shining silver and gold. Every year people get worse and worse. Every year they must have stranger and stranger things. Silk, plush, velvet and fur bags are there, with all their pretty and handy and cunning fastenings. But we must hurry on.

Next northwest are writing-papers. Here's room for a treatise. We're not

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - DEC. 15, 1882.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Here, There and the Other Place.

—Put your finger in the "Sugar Bowl" and get a lump.

—They all go to the "Sugar Bowl" for fine and plain Christmas candies.

—Thursday next will be the shortest and Monday following the happiest day of the year.

—McDonald, of Loretto, has all kinds of fancy candies, toys, vases, albums, etc., etc., for the holidays.

—Go to the "Sugar Bowl" for Christmas candies. You will find a large assortment there to select from.

—A few ice-cisterns, or ice-in-carry, individuals in this community are having an ice time of it these days.

—McDonald, of Loretto, has raisins, currants, citron, New Orleans molasses, and all other necessaries for the holidays.

—Don't forget that S. Sprankle & Son, Altoona, Pa., have just received another entire new stock of ready-made clothing, etc.

—Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. 10 cents for any color.

—An entire new stock of fine dress hats and fur caps, for the holiday season, just received by S. Sprankle & Son, Altoona, Pa.

—Several Sisters of St. Joseph took their final vows on Wednesday afternoon, but we did not learn their names or other particulars.

—Thos. McElwee, Mt. Carmel, Pa., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters is unexcelled as a remedy for indigestion and general debility."

—Mr. Mikael Smith, one of the first settlers of Montgomery township, Indiana county, was lying at the point of death on Friday last.

—The sale of reserve seat tickets for the Institute lectures next week will commence on Monday. Tickets for sale at James' corner drug store.

—J. Irvin Brotherline, Esq., a member of the Blair county bar, died at his home in Hollidaysburg on last Wednesday morning, aged 78 years and 12 days.

—Mr. Frank Sampp has been appointed Burgess of Loretto borough to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Jas. O'Donnell, Burgess-elect.

—The finest, freshest, purest and cheapest candies, confectionaries, and everything in that line, can be found at E. C. Parrish's little store around the corner.

—Large assortment of medicated red flannel underwear, winter shirts, dress shirts, jewelry, etc., etc., just opened at S. Sprankle & Son's cheap store, Altoona, Pa.

—An Ebensburg woman carries a bottle.—*Hollidaysburg Standard.* That's a lie—bet on the fair sex of our town. The bottle woman don't and never did live in Ebensburg.

—Attention is directed to the notice in our advertising department of the fourth general meeting of the creditors of Wm. M. Lloyd, bankrupt, to be held in Altoona, Jan. 4th.

—Don't buy your Christmas candies, confectionaries, nuts, fruits and other "goodies" until you see the elegant stock of assortments Parrish has in store and sells at lowest prices.

—Miss Vickie Barnes, of Everett, Bedford county, was wedded to her betrothed, Albert R. Weaverling, on Sunday night of last week and five hours afterward she died of consumption.

—Revs. Fathers Ryan, of Altoona, Reardon, of Hollidaysburg, and Boyle, of Gallitzin, paid our town a brief visit on Wednesday as did also "mine host," Fitzharris, of the latter place.

—Parrish's store is filled almost to the brim with those thousand and one delicious things which make young hearts happy and young mouths water when they think of the good time coming.

—A little daughter of Mr. Wm. Hochstein, of Grubbstown, near Johnstown, accidentally fell into a bucket filled with boiling hot water, on last Monday evening, and was pretty severely scalded.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* of Monday last gravely informs its readers that Mrs. Thos. Hays and wife of Hollidaysburg, are visiting friends in that place—Johnstown. A rather Hays-ey item that.

—The Huntingdon *Globe* office is to be offered at public sale on January 9th. Here is a chance for some progressive printer with a plethoric pocket-book and Republican proclivities to pitch in.

—At the "Sugar Bowl" you will find fresh bread, rolls, pies, cakes, Florida oranges, lemons, French and Turkey prunes, figs, dates, raisins, currants, citron, nuts, and all kinds of spices, at reasonable prices.

—John Dibert, of Johnstown, he has not only the best flour in town, but also the very best groceries. They are fresh, everything in his store, and you must go nowhere before striking a bee-line for his store.

—Miss Annie Crawford, daughter of Isaac Crawford deceased, late of this place, was married in Johnstown on Monday last, to Mr. Oberton Bernard. The happy couple departed for Florida on a wedding tour.

—McDonald, of Loretto, sells 12 lbs. good brown sugar for $1.00; 10 lbs. good white sugar, $1.00; three lbs. tea, $1.00; 8 lbs. good coffee, $1.00; 3 lbs. best roasted coffee, $1.00, and goods at equally low prices.

—Parrish, the prudent, who is Santa Claus' friend, has candies and such things almost without end, and when Christmas comes round, and 'twill soon be on hand, he'll dish up the sweetmeats at his kind patrons' command.

—Master Levi Cope of Conemaugh borough, fell on the ice while on his way home Monday noon from the office of the Gautier steel works, and fractured his right arm near the wrist.

—All the personal property of E. Bralliar, late of Blacklick township, dec'd, consisting of live stock, produce, farming implements, household furniture, etc., will be offered at executors' sale on Friday, Dec. 28th, at 10 A. M. See posters.

—We are under obligations to the author, Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Pittsburg, for a neat little pamphlet of twenty-one pages, entitled "Mary's Shrine in the Wilderness," a copy of which will be sent free to any address on application to the author.

—So many Democratic newspaper men are looking out for a "fat take" of some kind at Harrisburg this winter that we are almost tempted to offer a chromo to anybody who will start a boom for us, being entirely too modest to do it ourself.

—The hotel keepers, butchers and others in this place have been cutting and housing ice from the dams near town this week, and it is first class in every respect, being fully ten inches thick and as clear as crystal. A nice crop as well as an ice crop.

—Remember that the "Sugar Bowl" is headquarters for fine and plain Christmas candies, fancy cases, toilet sets, moustache cups, China and glass mugs, concert organs, and large and small chromo pictures, which will be sold at the lowest prices.

—We are pleased to learn from the Huntingdon *News* that the name of Mrs. Al. Tyson for postmistress of that place has been sent to the U. S. Senate on Friday last, and it is expected that the appointment will be, if it has not already been, confirmed.

—The students of St. Francis' College, Loretto, will give their usual Christmas entertainment on Thursday afternoon of next week, when the interesting and exceedingly pathetic drama of Robert Emmett will be presented. The friends of the students and the institution are respectfully invited to attend.

—Mrs. McCaslin, the wife of the pastor of the Presbyterian congregation of this place, is suffering from a very severe attack of rheumatism. The disease takes the shape that it is necessary for somebody to be in attendance on her day and night. We are all hoping that her appetite will not fail her on Christmas.

—Wednesday afternoon Mr. C. A. Riddle, Superintendent of our common schools, was taken so violently ill that the department over which he presides was summarily dismissed, with instructions to the pupils not to come back till 9 o'clock next morning. We are glad to note that Mr. Riddle is as good as new again.

—"It is a great art to do the right thing at the right time." The person subject to derangement of the kidneys or liver has a positive duty to perform in purchasing a package of Kidney-Wort. It invigorates those organs and by its cathartic and diuretic effect, cleanses the whole system of all foul humors.

—The Hollidaysburg *Register* denies that a steam saw mill is to be erected in that place. We saw the item in one of our exchanges, saw mill-ions (of sawed boards) in it for Hollidaysburg, saw it would be a good thing to fill up with, saw a place to put it in our last issue, and now the only thing we are saw-ry for is that it ain't true.

—Just received, another immense new stock of fine and fancy nisterettes, overcoa's and suits, which have just been bought for the holiday trade from eastern overstocked manufacturers, at prices far below real value. Call and see bargains that are bargains, give S. Sprankle & Son, Altoona, Pa., an early call and secure the choicest of styles.

—Seekers after holiday presents need have but little trouble in being able to select something suitable to their tastes from the immense variety exhibited at James' corner drug store. You can obtain almost anything at almost any price. It would be well to take a peep at this display of holiday attractions before buying elsewhere.

—Young men and middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of books. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

—Christopher Cringle is coming round just now. How much to his luck is a pound just now? Suppose we solve this problem. It is at Charley Rivinius', High street, that this stranger—is there a stranger here?—wants to wend his way—the way not being weary.

—If it be true, as stated, that the Altoona *Daily Times*, which, by the way merits all the success attainable, being a bright and newsy little sheet, has already won its way to the good graces of two thousand patrons, we can readily understand why it is that some folks over there think that there is still room for another Democratic newspaper.

—We want a load of good kindling wood, we want a fat turkey or two, we want a few pounds of choice butter, we want a couple dozen of fresh eggs, and we want them just as soon as they can be btought. Cash will be paid if it must be, but people who owe us and can supply either or all the above articles ought to be ashamed to let us pay the cash.

—Should you desire something that is exquisite, charming, and which the eye never tires to look upon, just select some one or more of those Bisque Figures and Vases offered for sale by Geo. W. Biggs, 159 Smithfield street, Pittsburg. Their beauty will never weary the eye like many other things. The assortment is one of the largest ever offered in this market.

—Brother Sanson, of the Indiana *Democrat*, is said to be anxious to serve the dear people, or rather their representatives, at Harrisburg, in the capacity of Sergeant-at-Arms of the House, and as his namesake of old, with a slight variation, had no difficulty in getting away with anything he took in hand, we hope our modern Sampson—no, Sansom—will be equally fortunate in carrying off the coveted prize.

—The infant child of Mr. John Given, of Hornerstown, a suburb of Johnstown, had one hand and arm badly burned on Saturday last by falling against a hot stove, and the fifteen-months-old child of Mr. Wm. Carter, who resides at Whiskey Springs, which is only a few miles from the scene of the above mentioned accident, was severely scalded on the face, neck and hands on last Monday morning, by upsetting a bowl of hot coffee over its person.

—We barked up the wrong tree, so to speak, in our last issue, when we gave Mr. M. J. Waltz, of Chest Springs, credit for being the foreman in charge of the erection of the new cottage now being built for F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., of this place. Mr. George Waltz, a brother of the gentleman named, is one of the carpenters employed in the work, but our townsman, ex-Sheriff Myers, than whom there is no better mechanic anywhere, is the superintendent in charge.

—Through special request we note the fact this week that Mr. R. L. Davis, Julian street, has just received a large invoice of what are known as "ladies' fine kid shoes"—the latest and the most elegantly finished wear for women in the market. The holidays being near, and the Teachers' Institute still nearer, he invites the attention of those concerned, be they ladies or lovers, to the nice goods in his line and the extremely low prices, considering. Suppose we solve this problem. It is at Charley Rivinius', High street, that this stranger—is there a stranger here?—wants to wend his way—the way not being weary.

—C. Fegar Delancy, who kept a livery stable in Hollidaysburg during our early boyhood days, was struck by the Mail train east on last Tuesday afternoon at Elizabeth Furnace, a few miles east of Altoona, near which place he lived for a number of years and was immediately conducted to the depot and so terribly injured that he died at 7:30 o'clock the same evening, at the residence of his daughter in Altoona, where he was taken for medical treatment. His age was about 70 years.

—Mr. David M. Fleck, watchman at the Fourth street railroad crossing in Altoona, was knocked down while on duty between 3 and 4 o'clock on last Monday morning by a block of timber freight cars, six of which passed over him, mangling his body in a schocking manner, cutting off one of his legs, scattering his entrails along the track, and of course killing him instantly. The deceased was in the fifty-ninth year of his age and leaves a one daughter and four sons, all of whom reside in Altoona.

—Next week the Teachers' Institute will enliven our town with its presence—its multitudinous presence. It will be in session four days at least, by Sup't Straw's watch. How will this sentence read, and what the plural of administratrix? Leaving it to be known that afterward, at C. T. Roberts', are to be seen the nicest charms, watches, jewelry—things of that sort and various other sorts, such as shoes, hats, choice groceries, etc., you ever laid eyes on—and if you skip, then it will be too bad. Let it rise.

—Many welcome friends dropped in on us this week, if coming in at the front door can be called dropping, prominent among whom were J. D. Hicks, District Attorney of Blair county, Tom. L. McNamara, of Curwensville, Frank W. Ray and Col. C. T. Frazer, of Johnstown, R. H. Brown, of Pueblo, Col., formerly ticket agent at Cresson, Jacob L. Brallier, of Lykens, Pa., Dr. E. Brallier, of Chambersburg, Charley Moore and T. H. Greevy, Esq., of Altoona, Wm. J. Dawson, of Gallitzin township, Caron Leahy, Esq., of Lilly's, and a goodly number of others whom we were glad to meet and greet.

—Mr. William Cole, of Carroll township, was arrested near the close of last week, on the oath of the Deputy Collector of internal revenue for this district, charged with manufacturing spirituous liquors without having given a bond, as required by law, and also with having sold such liquors without using the special tax stamp. Mr. Cole was taken to Johnstown by the officer who arrested him and entered bail in the sum of $1,000 before the United States Commissioner for his appearance at the District Court in Pittsburgh next February. His sureties are ex-Sheriff John A. Blair and F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., of this place.

—The Altoona *Tribune* jumps at conclusions with a unanimity we have seldom seen excelled. The woman who entered a drinking saloon in this place one day last week with an empty bottle and came out with it filled, as we stated in our last issue, is not a resident of Ebensburg, as the *Tribune* says she was. Nor is there, so far as we are aware, any evidence to prove, what the *Tribune* further asserts, that later in the evening the woman was full and the bottle empty again. It looks to us as if an apology was due either to the woman or to the bottle, and so far as we are concerned the *Tribune* is at liberty to take its choice.

—A story put in circulation a few days ago in regard to the contemplated discharge of nearly one-third of the working force on the P. R. R. is denied by the Altoona *Tribune* which says that trainmen are making as many hours a day trying to do the immense work of the company as nature can stand, and, instead of diminishing, all classes of freight and passenger traffic is increasing. In order to do this work the company has found it necessary to work its shops to their fullest capacity, furnishing engines and cars and keeping up necessary repairs, and consequently instead of suspending they are constantly hiring mechanics and laborers.

—With regard to the decision of our Court this week, in the case of John J. Beckel vs. the Cambria County Mutual Protection Fire Insurance Company, referred to elsewhere, there seems to exist much misapprehension. The Court did *not* decide that any incumbrance against a property insured invalidates the policy, *but*, that, where there was encumbrance at the time the application was made and the applicant answered there was *none*, that then the policy was rendered null and void on the ground of such misrepresentation. This statement is put through the columns of the FREEMAN by T. W. Dick, Esq, agent for the Company, to correct a wrong idea which seems to exist in the minds of many personf interested.

—Geo. W. Kaylor, son of Mr. Wm. Kaylor, of Allegheny township, and a young man named Denny, whose home is in Pittsburgh, will depart for Rome on or about the first of next month, whither they go to complete their studies for the priesthood, Rt. Rev. Bishop Tuigg having graciously selected them for that purpose. Young Kaylor has been a student at St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland county, for the past two years, and we presume that Mr. Denny has also been pursuing his studies at the same institution, but for how long, if at all, we are not prepared to say. Both gentlemen have our best wishes for a pleasant sojourn in the Eternal City, as well as for continued good health and eminent success in their sacred calling.

—Sam. Haskins, of near Cherrytree, got on one of his periodical jamborees on Friday last and made a sort of Sahara desert out of the bar-room of the Henderson House, upsetting the stove, knocking the clock clear out of time and badly demoralizing its countenance, giving the bar-keeper a black eye, and doubling up the landlord by planting a beer mug on the outside of his diaphragm. A couple of raps over the head with a poker were meantime administered to the desperado, who was saved from a third and possibly a fatal visitation of the kind by the interference of some of the bystanders, who finally got him away from the scene of disaster. Next day Haskins' wife called on the Cherrytree landlord and tried to effect a compromise, but the latter declared his intention to leave the matter to the adjudication of twelve good men and true at the next term of the Indiana county court.

"ROUGH ON RATS" clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bed-bugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15 cts. Druggists.

COURT CHRONICLES CONTINUED.

WHAT WAS DONE IN QUARTER SESSIONS ON THURSDAY AND FRIDAY OF LAST WEEK AND IN COMMON PLEAS DURING THE FIRST THREE DAYS OF THE PRESENT WEEK—NINE PRISONERS SENTENCED, ETC.

Our paper went to press last week with the case of the Commonwealth vs. Charles Howard, Benjamin Watson and John Moore, indictment larceny and receiving stolen goods, pending. The defendants plead guilty, after argument, and their sentences are appended.

The next case reached was that of Com'th vs. Dodson & Griffith, the charge being in the nature of a nuisance. The verdict of the jury was not guilty, but that the Commonwealth and defendants pay each one-half the cost. The nuisance complained of was that the defendants maintained a phosphate depot in Johnstown, and the Court, in dismissing the case, pointedly said to the defendants that the nature of the verdict was such as to admonish them in the future to arrange things in such a way that no further complaint of this nature would be made.

The case above mentioned consumed the time of the Court till noon of Thursday. After dinner, a number of cases were continued, to wit:

Commonwealth vs. August Dipple, surety of the peace, on payment of costs by defendant.

Commonwealth vs. August Dipple, desertion, on payment of costs by defendant.

Commonwealth vs. George Judson, larceny, on payment of the costs by the county.

Commonwealth vs. John Leddetski, forgery, on payment of costs by the county.

William Wilson was then tried and acquitted of the charge of receiving stolen goods.

Henry McMichaels was tried for assault and battery on his wife. He was sentenced to go to jail for the term of six months and to enter into recognizance in the sum of $300 to keep the peace, &c.

Cyrus Johnson, Jas. Blake, Frank Brown and James H. Davis, all colored, were called into the dock. These parties tried to capture a P. R. R. train on the 21st of October last, Mr. Jim Clossin being the conductor thereof. The affair happened a short distance west of Johnstown. The gang, after a full hearing of the testimony, were adjudged not guilty of riot, the first count in the indictment, but on the second count, namely assault and battery, they were socked. Sentence—three months each in the county jail, with costs.

THE MOORE-FINNEGAN HOMICIDE.

The case of the Commonwealth vs. Stephen Moore, charged with the murder of Daniel Finnegan, was reached Thursday evening —after supper. The circumstances of this case are substantially as follows: The defendant is the son of Charles Moore, who lives a short distance from South Fork, Croyle township. The character of certain females of his family, as well as that of some frequenters of his house, was the reverse of savory. In a word, the house was generally viewed as a sort of bagnio. Late on the night of the 21st of October last a party of young men, Finnegan among the number, paid the Moore domicile a visit, for the purpose, as was elicited by after-testimony, of seeing the "girls." They were met at the door by the defendant, who refused them ingress. They seem to have insisted on going in, when young Moore seized a gun and fired. Finnegan fell and died without uttering a word.

The defendant being without counsel, Geo. M. Reade, Esq., and John E. Scanlan, Esq., were assigned by the Court to defend him. The Commonwealth was represented by District Attorney Sechler. After a plea of not guilty had been entered, the work of impaneling a jury was begun. Thirty-eight names were called before a jury was secured. Of this number seven were challenged peremptorily by the defense and three by the Commonwealth. Sixteen were challenged for cause, most of them having formed or expressed opinions, and the others having conscientious scruples against finding a verdict where the punishment may be death.

After twenty three names had been called and eight jurors secured, the Clerk announced that the panel was exhausted, and the Court ordered the doors to be closed and directed the Sheriff to call talesmen. One was called—Mr. John Beers, of White township —when the jury that had been out deliberating on the fate of the four colored men returned with a verdict, and the Clerk was directed to put their names in the box. The doors, however, were still kept closed.—When these were about to be called Mr. —— a juror was still wanting, the clerk again announced that the panel was exhausted, and the Sheriff called Mr. Godfrey Hoffman, of Johnstown, who had come in as a spectator shortly before the doors had been closed.—He had formed an opinion from reading about the case, and Edward J. Humphreys, of Ebensburg, was called next and became the twelfth juror.

The following are the names of the jury: Lawrence Beaubammer, George Page, Thos. Calligan, Peter Maloy, Levi Beers, Gabriel Dunmire, Joseph Lantzy, David Mulholland, David Blough, Wm. J. Tross, J. G. Bumgardner, Edward J. Humphreys.

District Attorney Sechler then opened for the Commonwealth; when, at 10:45 o'clock, Court adjourned.

Friday morning the taking of testimony was begun. It was very voluminous, fifteen witnesses being called for the prosecution, and a half dozen for the defense. The jury joined specimen of testimony for the prosecution will give a tolerably clear idea of the whole:

Charles P. Cobaugh, sworn. I live in Johnstown. I was at South Fork on the 21st of October last; I was at the Moore house some time; I left there about 10 o'clock; when I went there Paul Pringle, Wm. Quinlan, Barney Mock, Lig. Moore, Stephen Moore, Chas. Moore and Jos. Moore were there; I remained there till O'Rourke, Finnegan, Sloan, Owens and Kilduff came; Chas. Moore was not there when they came; he went to Summerhill for some whisky; when O'Rourke came to the door I was lying on the bunk and McClarran was lying with me; I was awake; I saw Stephen Moore pick up a gun and heard him say; I don't hear what he said; when O'Rourke's party came, Mr. Quinlan and Mr. Mock went out; I didn't hear the conversation at all; I didn't hear Stephen Moore say anything about the shooting; I didn't see him load his gun; he was right in the door when he shot; I didn't go out until I was told there was a man shot; then I went out and I found there was a man lying there dead; I knew the man; I would not positively whether I ever saw him at Moore's before that or not; I was there myself before; I went there for no purpose—to meet women; I was always well received there; the door was open when O'Rourke came there; I didn't hear any loud talking, noise, or disturbance.

Mrs. Moore, the mother of the prisoner, testified for the defense that when O'Rourke & Co. came to her house she told them she was sick and begged them to go away. Instead of doing this, they made an onslaught on the door, breaking off the latch. Then her son Stephen said he would shoot to "scare them away." The result of that shot is known.

After speeches by Mr. Reade and Mr. Sechler, the jury retired, and at 7:15 P. M. returned a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree.

This being the last case for trial, Court adjourned to meet the ensuing Monday forenoon.

SECOND WEEK.

Court convened on Monday at 10:30 A. M. After going through with to routine business, The case of Chas. Miller vs. Annie B. Smeltzer was reached, and was settled by papers filed, the plaintiff withdrawing the levy and the case being dismissed.

G. G. Rorabaugh vs. Frank Dibert—Feigned issue. The jury find for the plaintiff, Frank Dibert, the sum of $476.46.

John Story vs. A. F. Stutzman. The jury find for the plaintiff.

John J. Beckel vs. Cambria Mutual Insurance Co. Summons case in assumpsit. The jury find for the defendants.

Francis Moran vs. Dr. R. Moore, et. al.—Trespass. The jury find for the plaintiff in the sum of $31-62½.

Jos. Miller vs. Michael G. Snyder—Summons in partition. Judgment for plaintiff that he have sale made to him in severalty one-half the land described in the writ, and that the defendant have one-half the said land set apart in like manner, if such division can be made without prejudice to or spoiling the whole, otherwise that the whole be appraised.

Wm. King, for use of Charles Rhody, vs. Martin Kutruff; appeal. Verdict for plaintiffs.

Keppie vs. Poffenbirger—an action in ejectment—is on trial as we go to press.

The likelihood is that Court will continue its sessions, day and night, until Saturday

NINE PRISONERS SENTENCED.

Nine of the prisoners convicted in the Quarter Sessions last week of various offences were sentenced Tuesday forenoon as follows:

Jesse M'Creight, found guilty of highway robbery and recommended to the mercy of the Court, and in whose case a powerful appeal was made by counsel, was granted a new trial.

Theodore Fry, found guilty of larceny, was sentenced to pay a fine of $5 and costs of prosecution and undergo imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary for the term of one year and three months.

Mary Brown, a young and fine looking woman, found guilty of the same crime, was sentenced to go to the county jail for six months. "It is only your sex," said Judge Dean, "which prevents me imprisoning on you a term in the Penitentiary." Mary nodded her head in assent to this. "But," added the Judge—"but if you come back again, we give you due notice that the severest penalty of the law will be meeted out to you." Her smile broadened when she sat down.

William McMillan, found guilty of rape, was called up. The sentence of the Court was that the prisoner should go to the Penitentiary for the term of nine years and six months. This man was one of those few monsters who in a long while are born to an age, and who descends to the lowest depth of degradation by outraging what may be called his own offspring. "We do not undertake to put your crime in any category," said the Court, "but it is about the worst in the criminal calendar." There were regrets expressed at the time of the commission of the crime that McMillan wasn't lynched on the spur of the moment—which is almost always wrong, but occasionally right.

Charles Howard, Benjamin Wertz and John Moore. These were three boys found guilty of a larceny. Each was sentenced to pay a nominal fine and go to the penitentiary for one year and six months each.

Henry Carlisle and William Dailey were sentenced to one year and six months each in the Penitentiary. These boys submitted on the charge of receiving stolen goods—the crime having been committed in the neighborhood of Gallitzin. They evidently belonged to the genus tramp.

Stephen Moore, found guilty of murder in the second degree, was sentenced to undergo imprisonment in the Western Penitentiary for the term of nine years and six months. Judge Dean characterized this homicide as entirely unprovoked, and one worthy of the fullest degree of punishment which the law can inflict. But, owing to the youth of defendant (who seems to be not more than twenty years), and hoping his enforced absence from society would work to his reform, the favor to him suggested by the sentence was made after due deliberation. We may add that the sentence of this prisoner, along with that of McMillan, to say nothing of the others, meets with the unqualified approval of the public.

The Judge concluded by saying that the odd months in the sentences were in consonance with an Act of Assembly, and then turned to the hearing of a case in the civil list.

DEATH OF A FORMER CAMBRIAN IN ALTOONA.—Mr. Isadore Farabaugh, a prominent citizen of Altoona, and for many years a patron of the FREEMAN, died at his residence in that city on Monday last, in the 46th year of his age. The deceased was born in Germany, and came to this country with his father when a mere boy, who settled near Munster, in this county. He learned the trade of wagon making and was afterwards in the employ of the Messrs. Collins, then of this county, as general repairman on their railroad contracts. After that, about 1866 he located in Altoona, where he worked for some time as a journeyman at his trade. He finally commenced carrying on the business for himself, and by his industry and enterprise succeeded in becoming the owner of a very considerable amount of real estate in that city. He was associated with several beneficial organizations and always took an active in building associations, in one of which he was a director. For the last few months he has been troubled with heart disease, but was only confined to his house two weeks before his death. He leaves a widow, who is a sister of Mr. Ed. Flick, a law student in this place, and six children, five boys and one girl. Two of his sisters, both married, reside in Altoona, another married sister, Mrs. John Schwab, lives in Loretto, and a brother resides in either Allegheny or Munster township. Mr. Farabaugh stood very high in the community in which he lived as a man of strict integrity in all his business relations, and his death is widely regretted there and elsewhere by all who knew him. It was our pleasure to know him well and we entertained a feeling of high regard for him. His remains were interred in St. John's Catholic cemetery, Altoona, on Wednesday morning. May his soul rest in peace.

Lincoln Reads a Poem.

Honest Old Abe Entertains His Cabinet with a Little Quotation.

"Now, gentlemen, you all have more or less poetry in your souls; listen to this," and Abraham Lincoln, then President, rose from his chair, in his office in the White House and read, in trembling tones, which indicated his own profound appreciation of it, Dr. O. W. Holmes' "Last Leaf," of which the following are two verses:

"They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning knife of time
Cut him down;
Not a better man was found
By the crier in his round
Through the town.

Now the mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he had pressed
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb."

Mr. Michael Guiffoyle, of Binghamton, N. Y., is not as old as the venerable Boston citizen of whom the poet wrote with such tender pathos, yet he is more than three score and ten. "For the past eight or three years," he writes, "I have been a perfect cripple from rheumatism, hobbling about as best I could with my cane. I took PARKER'S GINGER TONIC, *and am now supple and strong as a gymnast. There is no trace of the disease left about me.*"

Mr. R. W. Mosher, wholesale druggist, of Binghamton, writes Messrs. Hexoxx & Co., of New York—Proprietors of the Tonic—certifying to Mr. Guiffoyle's declaration.

Having all the properties of any preparation of ginger, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is a remedy of infinitely greater range and power. It cures all diseases arising from an impure state of the blood or imperfect digestion. Dyspepsia (and all its concomitants), Sick Headache, Malarial Fevers, Skin Diseases, Kidney troubles, Bronchitis, and common Coughs and Colds, vanished at its touch. Prices, 50 cents and $1 a bottle. Larger size the cheaper.

Dec. 1. 1882.-1m.

A rover came into the sanctum door,
With a poem on "Beautiful Snow."
And we bathed our hands in his human gore
With the force of a single blow.
Oh, the stars above shone cold and white
As we hurled him in the sea.
He has gone to the land of fire and light,
Where icicles never grow.

We pity the poem and the poet, and we know where the land of icebergs always grow. The latter is in the room where Jas. Gordon Bennett, "Jeannett" went down, while the former must be about Plane No. 4, Portage Railroad. But there is a balm in Gilead. It braves the face of the Winter King, and says that in either, or any, or in all events, the man who is cold can keep him self it trap, live he at one place or another. The New York Clothing House, 240 Main street, Johnstown, has clothing to suit any possible disturbance of the thermometer. He solicits a call from you.

No word was spoken when they met,
By either—sad or gay;
And yet one badly smitten was,
'Twas mentioned the next day.
They met by chance this Autumn eve
With neither glance nor bow;
They often meet each other so—
A freight train and a cow.

They something say, in explanation, that it was a freight train which came in collision with a Chicago girl's foot. Stranger things have happened. Poor girl! and poor chap! Had they never met nor never parted, they could now be not only broken-hearted, but susceptible to the idea that hearts as well as bones can be mended or brought back to a realization that feet of both sexes may come to their own by buying a complete assortment of boots, shoes, etc., etc., of S. Bloomenthal's, 1119 Eleventh avenue, Altoona. He sells only the very best.

ICE CREAM is gone, but pshaw! who cares?
Just think of oyster stew
Why mourn for lemonade and pop
When pancakes loom in view?
Don't squarrible beat asparagus?
Can't quails be roosted by beans?
Don't ruffled grouse lay out corned beef,
And quail beat pork and beans?

And don't!—pray don't!—Jas. J. Murphy, 409 Clifton street, Johnstown, lay out all other dealers in Milford, Beaver and the whole series of ready-made goods at the lowest prices? There is no answer to the contrary. There can be none.—Mr. Murphy is about the best clothier in Cambria county, and as such we recommend him to the readers of this paper. Call and see his winter stock, which this season is larger and fuller than usual, and cheaper than it will be later this year.

PERSONAL! TO MEN ONLY!

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich., will send DR. DYE'S CELEBRATED ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELTS AND ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality and Manhood, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days trial is allowed. [5-26.-55cm.]

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D, New York City* Sept. 1, 1882.-1y.

HYMENEAL.

QUINLAN—MOORE.—Married, in this place, on Friday evening, Dec. 8, 1882, by H. Kinkead, Esq., Mr. WILLIAM QUINLAN of East Conemaugh, and Miss ELIZABETH MOORE, late of Portage twp.

The bride is a sister of young Moore, convicted of murder in the second degree in our county court last week, and both parties were witnesses in the case.

OBITUARY.

ROBERTS.—Died, at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Wm. M. Jones, in this place, on Friday, Dec. 8, 1882, Mrs. MARY ROBERTS, in the seventy-first year of her age.

The deceased was the widow of Mr. John E. Roberts, a most excellent citizen of this place, who died five or six years ago. Her father, whose name was Hughes, came here from Wales at an early day, she being then a young girl, and settled on a tract of land in the immediate vicinity of Ebensburg, which he converted into a very productive farm, and on which his oldest living son still continues to reside. The only child of Mrs. Roberts that survives her is the daughter, Mrs. Jones, with whom she made her home during a few months previous to her death. Having lived in or near Ebensburg almost from her childhood, she had a wide circle of friends and acquaintances, all of whom esteemed and respected her for the many virtues she possessed. Her remains were interred in the cemetery on Monday afternoon. Peace to her ashes.

BRALLIER.—Died, at his residence in Blacklick township, on Saturday, Dec. 9, 1882, Mr. EMANUEL BRALLIER, in the 89th year of his age.

The deceased was born in Bedford county and came to this county in 1840, where he has resided ever since. He was an honest man and a good citizen, and during the whole life enjoyed in an eminent degree the respect and confidence of his fellow men. His aged wife, who is in the eightieth year of her age, survives him, as well as five sons and four daughters, to wit: Daniel R., a resident of Altoona; Samuel, who resides in Jackson township; Dr. Jacob L., a druggist, of Lykens, Dauphin county; Dr. Eli, a practicing physician, of Chambersburg; Levi R., a farmer, near Dixon, Illinois; Mrs. Elizabeth Gillin, of Hudson, Iowa; Mrs. Hannah Good, who resides in Blacklick township; Mrs. Mary Stover, of Taylor township, and Mrs. Ellen Ferguson, of Blacklick township. The remains of the deceased were interred at Walnut Grove cemetery, which the deceased personally selected some time before his death.

BRUSELL.—Died, at the residence of D. H. Donley, in White township, of lung fever, EFFIE E., youngest child of William and Ida Brusell, of Huntsville, Clearfield county, Pa., aged 19 months and 25 days.

At the death of the mother, but a few months previous, this child was taken by its aunt, Mrs. Ella Donley, and from that time Mr. Brusell, sen., supported, doctored and clothed, at her own expense with all the affection and fondness of a tender, loving mother, while it lived. Untruthful of her, or of the spells of sickness, she thought no fatigue or unrest a burden that would benefit or comfort the little one. As if bound by maternal love and feelings, she devoted her life and strength to its wants and needs.

Gone from earth in spotless purity,
Gone from friends who loved thee well;
Gone to regions of the future;
Gone from us, dear Effie, farewell!
But let us hope when live is over,
When the last great trumpet sounds,
Re-united we may meet in heaven,
Where truly love and bliss abound.

MAMMA.

SALARY $20 per week to live agents. Something new. Sells on sight. THE TEMPLE OF LIFE; representing the Past, Present and Future. A fine lithograph in six elegant tints. Size, 22 x 28. Send stamp for circular. KING & CO., Pittsburgh, Pa. [11-8.-13m.]

"BUCHU-PAIBA."—Quick, complete cure for Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. $1. Druggists.

Thanksgiving to Christmas.

Twenty business days intervene between these two holidays, and we propose to make them, if possible, the greatest days of all the year for Oak Hall sales. We are thoroughly prepared with Overcoats and Suits for Men of all sizes and Boys of all ages. All that remains is for the people that trade in Philadelphia to believe what we say and come for our goods.

Prices are Extremely Low.

Our goods have been well bought, and most of them cannot be replaced at cost prices. Costs, however, have nothing to do with our selling prices. Prices are made in Oak Hall solely with reference to the cost of reproducing the goods. If we make, it is well, if we lose it is bad; but make or lose, the buyer has the least possible price.

The stock contains, made and making, over 10,000 OVERCOATS; over 200 lines of men's and young men's suits; over 160 lines of suits for large and small boys. The value of this stock was, thirty days since, over

One Million Dollars.

It is less now, but still very big, and big enough for all who will come. Fresh goods put in stock daily.

A special bargain now on our counters is our

$12.00 Fancy-back Cassimere Overcoat,

which, however, is only one among a great host of interesting things.

Wanamaker & Brown,

Oak Hall, 6th & Market Streets,

Philadelphia.

GET THE BEST THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES

The people generally get what they make a market for. They demanded better newspapers, and within the last few years journalism has made rapid strides. THE TIMES, which, from the day of its first issue, took place in the front rank of progressive journalism, has kept along at the double-quick step, and at this time is a better newspaper than ever. It is a journal that never sleeps and never takes a holiday. As there are 365 days in the year, so there are 365 issues of THE TIMES in a year. The week-day edition of THE TIMES is of four pages, being in a form suitable for the busy man or the busy woman, and its contents embrace, every day in the year, a great deal of the best miscellany as well as all the news. The editorial strength of THE TIMES cannot be dwelt upon, the fact that it is quoted more than any other paper in America is sufficient evidence of its excellence in that direction. Nor need the typographical superiority be more than mentioned—for it is widely known as "the handsomest paper in the country."

The Philadelphia Weekly Times

Covers a distinct field. Into THE WEEKLY goes the cream of the daily issues and at the same time it contains matter especially adapted to the wants of readers in every part of America. It circulates, as a first-class family journal, in every State and Territory, and it has readers in every part of the world. The leading feature of THE WEEKLY is the "ANNALS OF THE WAR." This department embraces chapters of unwritten history, contributed by prominent actors in the War of the Rebellion, and it has become a recognized depository of such matters whether from Northern or Southern sources. The ANNALS will be kept fully up to the high standard of former years.

TERMS:

THE DAILY TIMES—Twelve Cents a week. MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS, postage free, Six Dollars a year. Fifty Cents a month.

THE WEEKLY TIMES—Fifty-six columns of the choicest reading, especially prepared to meet the wants

THE CAUSE OF DEATH.

We know, almost for certain, how death takes place in all fatal diseases; that is, we say, an individual dies, either by the brain, heart or lungs. In reality, however, we are still ignorant how death is brought about, how the machinery comes to a sudden stand-still, what extinguishes, with the flickering of the final expiration, the vital spark forever. The brain may be extirpated, and animal life may be observed to be still going on; the heart may apparently cease beating, and yet the existence of the being is not finally ended; respiration is to all appearances not filling and emptying the air vessels any more, but still more than vegetation keeps up the complicated machinery, the spark of life still lingers.

What, then, is it that usually causes death? Does it not look very much like the sudden action of a powerful poison, which so thoroughly and at once disintegrates the great circulating, life-giving and life preserving fluid, the blood, that the nerve centres end the existence and force the organism to cease every motion, like an engine deprived of its steam?

Experiments that have lately been made, and which we have to thank for the discovery of the *Ptomaines*, may tend to lead us a step further in solving the question before us.

A. Gautier has made these ptomaines a special study. It has been demonstrated that many organic substances, the fibre in the blood, the urine, and certain compounds of tissues, when decomposing give rise to alkaloids—called ptomaines—which are powerful poisons. This discovery we owe mainly to Selmi. But Gautier has done more. He tho't that if such alkaloids are formed on the decomposition of organic substances, why may not, in the course of the common change of tissues, if the latter is deviating from its true course, also such ptomines be called into existence.

The result of these investigations fully confirmed his theory. A disciple of G. Pouenet succeeded in obtaining from the normal urine a fixed and easily crystallizable alkaloid, the hydrochloric compounds of which crystallize, as well as those with gold chlorid, and platinum chlorid. And this alkaloid has been found to be exceedingly poisonous; in most minute doses it causes stupor, tetanus, and death within the shortest time imaginable, stopping the heart in systole. This very quality relegates this alkaloid of the urine to the ptomines, for the toxic effect of which the heart in systole is most characteristic. Gautier was able to isolate from the poison of the poisonous snakes (Trigorrocephalus and Naja) two similar alkaloids.

Gautier proved also the intense poisonous action of the human saliva on birds. He evaporated twenty grms. of saliva in the water bath, dried the 0,25 grm., weighing residue, and dissolved it in warm water. This solution injected into the bird, under the skin, caused stupor, dilatation of the pupil, increased frequency of respiration, and, in all cases, death. He was able to isolate an alkaloid also out of the human saliva. This alkaloid gave the same color reaction as the other ptomines.

The ptomines are easily oxadizable, and may be formed during the normal change of tissues, even without the presence of oxygen.

What may all these investigations, and their astonishing results, not explain? If a hypodermic injection of some vegetable alkaloid accidentally is made into a larger vein, and a fatal result the consequence, under all the symptoms which we used to ascribe to the entrance of air, may not the real cause of death be found, perhaps, in the sudden formation of the poisonous animal alkaloids? May not many other similar occurrences, which to-day are clouded in mystery as yet, find a similar interpretation? May not, at the time of the dissolution of the body, a similar process turn out forever the flame of life?—*Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

CLIPPINGS FOR THE CURIOUS.—A walrus produces about seventeen gallons of oil and five pounds of ivory.

Erie signifies in Indian language Mad Lake.

The piano was first called the hammer harpischord.

There's a magnetic well at Fon-du-Lac, Wisconsin.

In Cuba, the coffin is rarely buried with the body, so that the coffin serves for many funerals, being sometimes used for months daily.

During the Middle Ages, when the social distinctions of the people were sharply drawn and defined, the hat, by its form, its material and its decoration was the chief indication of the social position of the wearer.

The costliest coffins in the United States are cheap affairs when compared to some to be found abroad. In the cathedral at Milan the body of Cardinal Borromeo is enclosed in a crystal casket, magnificent with gold and silver trimmings, and set with precious stones at a cost of $800,000.

Near Salzburg, Austria, a mine has been found which seems to have been abandoned at least 2,000 years ago in consequence of an inundation. Bodies of the ancient salt miners have been discovered among the debris tolerably well preserved. Among the implements were wooden shovels, a basket made of untanned raw-hide, a piece of cloth of coarse wool, and the remains of a torch bound together with flax fibres. The disaster which flooded the mine had evidently been sudden.

"VACCINATION" FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.—Mr. W. H. Griffith, of Zanesville, O., says that during the past two years he has vaccinated 1,000 fowls in yards badly smitten with chicken cholera, and of this number only 11 died. Of fowls in the same yards not vaccinated all died. The proper procedure in such cases is as follows:

"Vaccinate a hen, and in eight days her system will be thoroughly inoculated; then cut off her head and catch all the blood in some vessel, then pour the blood on paper to dry; a half drop of this blood is sufficent to vaccinate a fowl, and the blood of one hen will vaccinate your whole flock. Catch the fowl you wish to vaccinate, and with a pin or knife make a little scratch on the thigh (just enough to draw blood), then moisten a little piece of the paper with the dried blood on and stick it on the chicken's leg where you scratched it, then let the fowl run, and you need have no fear of chicken cholera."

In the course of his experiments Mr. Griffith has dried enough blood to vaccinate 10,000 fowls. He offers to send, free of charge, to such as wish to try the cure, enough blood to start with. All he asks is that application be made soon (as the blood loses its virture by long keeping), and that experimenters report results.

HUMBUGGED AGAIN.

I saw so much said about the merits of Hop Bitters, and my wife who was always doctoring and never well, teased me so urgently to get her some that I concluded to be humbugged again; but I am glad I did, for in less than two months' use of the Bitters my wife was cured, and she has remained s for eighteen months since. I like such humbugging.—T. T., St. Paul.—*Pioneer Press.*

A STRANGE BIRD has been captured in Williamson county. It is of a navy blue color, with snow white beak. It has huge claws, measuring nearly six inches in length. It has a perfect antipathy to the human eye, a sight of which arouses all the anger of its ferocious nature. It flies with great rapidity.—*Nashville World.*

INDIAN CORN should be fed sparingly to fowls with white plumage, as it gives the feathers a yellow tint.

MRS. VAN BUREN'S

LADIES' TONIC.

THE GREAT FEMALE REMEDY.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR THE DISEASES OF WOMEN.

"Ladies' Tonic" is prepared by Wohrer's Medical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y., it cures quick and permanent relief to all those troubled with Leucorrhœa or Whites, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, irregularities, Flooding, Amenorrhœa (loss of monthly visitation, both where it has never made its appearance, and where it has once been regular but ceases to return at usual periods), Indigestion, Backache, Heartburn, Sick and Nervous Headache, Falling of the Womb, Dyspepsia, of Spirits, Weakness, Nervous Prostration, Faintness in the Stomach, Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Pains in the Side, Dizziness, Kidney Complaints, and Barrenness (except where the vaginal walls are so strongly united as to prevent copulation, in which a surgical operation may be necessary), will make labor easy, and has a wonderful effect on women during change of life. For weak and delicate ladies who are run down from over-work, nursing, or nervous strain of any kind, it has no equal.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT $1 Per Bottle.

THE WOMENS MEDICAL INSTITUTE BUFFALO, N.Y.

THE ONLY ASSOCIATION OF PROMINENT Lady Physicians IN THE WORLD.

This institution was formed for the sole purpose of treating the diseases of women. It is composed only of physicians who have obtained a leading rank in the profession by their acknowledged ability and success, and who have made the health and diseases of women a study for years. Ladies can be successfully treated at home, without any other expense than the cost of the medicines. Advice by mail *free.* Send stamp for circulars and testimonials from ladies who have been permanently cured.

"LADIES' TONIC"

is the Favorite Prescription of the Women's Medical Institute

for Prolapsus Uteri, or Falling of the Womb, Leucorrhœa or Whites; Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb; Irregularities, Flooding, Amenorrhœa or lack of monthly visitation, Weakness in the Back and Stomach, Faintness, Nervous Prostration, Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints, Barrenness, and as a tonic during Pregnancy, at regular periods through change of life, and for the general debility of women.

It positively gives quick and permanent relief.

One Pint Bottle is Sufficient.

Sold by Druggists. Price, $1.00.

Wanted AGENTS! AGENTS! AGENTS!

For GEN. DODGE'S brand new book, entitled

Thirty-Three Years Among OUR WILD INDIANS!

A true record of the Author's *Thirty Three Years Personal Experience among our Indians.* &c. With an able introduction By *Gen. Sherman.*

This new work was at once subscribed for by *President* Cleveland and entire Cabinet, and Generals Sherman, Gen. Grant, Gen. Sheridan, Gen. Hancock, and thousands of Eminent Men. GEN. GRANT says:—"It is the best book on *Indian Life ever written.*" BISHOP WHITE (Methodist), says:—"It is a book of immense value." It is the only authentic account of our Indians ever published, fully revealing their "inner life," sweet doings, exploits, etc. It is replete with thrilling experiences of the Author, and of famous Scouts, Trappers, Cowboys, Miners, Border Ruffians, the daily occupying Life in the Great West as it now is. 42nd thousand in press. With Steel Engravings and Superb Chromo-Lithograph Plates in 12 colors, from photographs made by the U. S. Government *expressly for this great work.*

AGENTS! This grand book is now out—sells to all others 10 to 1. No competition. Agents average 10 to 20 orders a day. We want 1000 more agents at once. *Exclusive Territory and Special Terms.* Our 50 page circular ✱ ✱ ✱ full particulars sent *free.* A fine Specimen Plate sent *in addition* for a 2 cent stamp. Address the sole publishers,

A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., HARTFORD, CONN.

PE-RU-NA

$1,000

will be paid if any impurities or mineral substances are found in PERUNA, or for any case it will not cure or help.

PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not equalled by all other medicines combined. Strong language, but it is true.

PERUNA is more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than any other half-dozen remedies put together, to the profession.

PERUNA positively cures Consumption, Chronic Catarrh, and all Lung and Heart diseases.

As a Cough remedy, it has no equal; it positively cures all coughs, and cannot take an overdose, as it contains no morphine, opium, or other poisonous drug.

For Intermittent Fever, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, the infallible remedy is PERUNA.

No matter what your disease is, where located, be you young or old, male or female, get a case for PERUNA.

Ask your druggist for it. Hartman's pamphlet on "The Ills of Life," gratis.

For Kidney and Pelvic Diseases, take

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Single Bottle $1.00. Six Bottles $5.00.

MAN-A-LIN

KIDNEY-WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED The SUREST CURE for KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a thing back or disordered urine indicates that you are a victim. WHEN DO NOT HESITATE; use Kidney-Wort at once, (druggists recommend it) and it will speedily overcome this distressing trouble and restore healthy action.

Ladies, For complaints peculiar to your sex, such as pain and weakness, Kidney-Wort is unsurpassed, as it will act promptly and safely.

Either sex. Incontinence, retention of urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull, dragging pains, all speedily yield to its curative power.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS. Price $1.

KIDNEY-WORT

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

DO Not Fail to send for our FALL Price-List for 1882. *Free* to any address upon application. Contains descriptions of everything required for Personal or Family use, with over 2,200 illustrations. We sell all goods at wholesale prices, in quantities to suit the purchaser. The only institution in America who make this special business. Address MONTGOMERY WARD & CO., 227 and 229 Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Iron City College

The most complete institution in the United States for the thorough practical education of young and middle aged men. Enter at any time.

For circulars giving full particulars, address J. C. SMITH, A. M. Pittburg, Pa.

WANTED—ENERGETIC, RELIABLE MEN to sell Fruit Trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. GOOD SALARIES, and expenses paid. Address at once. [9-28.-2m.*] J. F. LeCLARE, Rochester, N. Y.

FARMERS and FARMERS' SONS CAN MAKE $50 to $150 PER MONTH During the Fall and Winter Months, by writing to address, J. C. McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS Wanted and Books & Bibles works of character; great variety; low in price; selling fast; needed everywhere; Ethereal issue. Bradley, Garretson & Co., 66 N. Fourth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wanted—ONE GOOD BOOK AGENT in every city and town. Send stamp for circular. Caufield & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa. [nov.-1]

$668 weekly in pay at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

The powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St. New York. 19-28, '82.-1y.

THE MILLER BROS CUTLERY Co. MERIDEN CONN. U.S.A.

Having attained a national reputation in

FINE POCKET CUTLERY,

Ladies' Scissors and Ink Erasers,

Have added the manufacture of all styles of

STEEL PENS.

With a skilled superintendent in that department, supplemented by extended experience in the working of the steel, we are enabled to offer goods of unrivalled quality. To introduce our PATENT ADJUSTABLE Quill Action, Reservoir Pen, "THE ACME," in advance of regular trade channels, we show cut of it, and will mail a sample gross to any address on receipt of $2.

Carries as much Ink as any Fountain Pen.

Writes as easy as a quill. Action similar to gold pen.

THIS PEN FITS ANY HOLDER.

Our whole line of Pens will be sold by the trade. Price Lists furnished to dealers on application.

NEW FIRM!

HARRY W. EICHER. CHAS. H. LATTERNER.

IN ALTOONA'S Largest and Cheapest CLOTHING HOUSE!

Eicher & Latterner,

Successors to A. J. Anderson & Co.,

1308 Eleventh Avenue, Altoona, Pa.,

HAVE just received and opened the largest and finest stock of Fall and Winter CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES, SATCHELS and GENT'S FURNISHING GOODS of all kind, that has ever heretofore been brought to the Mountain City. Our stock embraces the greatest variety, finest fabrics and latest styles of made-up clothing for men and boys that can be found in the market. All goods warranted as to quality and make, and full value for the purchaser's money guaranteed in each and every instance. Our Cambria county friends and all others will do well to give us a call. EICHER & LATTERNER.

Altoona, Oct. 13, 1882.-tf.

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1883.

More people have read THE SUN during the year just now passing than ever before since it was first printed. No other newspaper published on this side of the earth has been bought and read in any year by so many men and women.

We are credibly informed that people buy, read, and like THE SUN for the following reasons, among others:

Because its news columns present in attractive form and with the greatest possible accuracy whatever has intest for humankind; the events, the deeds and misdeeds, the philosophy, the notable folly, the solid sense, the improving nonsense—all the news of the busiest world at present revolving in space.

Because people have learned that in its remarks concerning persons and affairs THE SUN makes a practice of telling them the exact truth to the best its ability three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, before election as well as after, about the whales as well as about the small fish, in the face of dissent as plainly and fearlessly as when supported by general approval. THE SUN has absolutely no purposes to serve, save the information of its readers and the furtherance of the common good.

Because it is everybody's newspaper. No man is so humble that THE SUN is indifferent to his welfare and his rights. No man is so rich that he can allow injustice to be done him. No man, no association of men, is powerful enough to be exempt from the strict application of its principles of right and wrong.

Because in politics it has fought for a dozen years, without intermission and sometimes almost alone among newspapers, the fight that has resulted in the overwhelming and permanent popular verdict against Robeson ism and for honest government.—No matter what party is in power, THE SUN stands and will continue to stand like a rock for the interests of the people against the ambition of bosses, the encroachments of monopolists, and the dishonest schemes of politicians.

All this is what we are told almost daily by our friends. One man holds that THE SUN is the best religious newspaper ever published, because its Christianity is undiluted with dank. Another holds that it is the best Republican newspaper printed, because it has already whipped half of the rascals out of that party, and is proceeding against the other half with undiminished vigor.—A third believes it to be the best magazine of general literature in existence because its readers miss nothing worthy of notice that is current in the world of thought. So every friend of THE SUN discovers one of the many sides that appeals with particular force to his individual liking.

If you already know THE SUN, you will observe that in 1883 it is a little better than ever before.—If you do not already know THE SUN, you will find it to be a mirror of human activity, a storehouse of the choicest products of common sense and imagination, a mainstay for the cause of honest government, a sentinel for genuine Jefferson ian principles, a scourge for wickedness of every species, and an uncommonly good investment for the coming year.

Terms to Mail Subscribers.

The several editions of THE SUN are sent by mail, postpaid, as follows:

DAILY—55 cents a month, $6.50 a year: with Sunday edition, $7.77.

SUNDAY—Eight pages, $1.20 a year.

WEEKLY—$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter in the world, including the Agricultural Department of unequalled merit, market reports, and literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence make THE WEEKLY SUN the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with $10, an extra copy free.

Address I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, THE SUN, N. Y. City.

CAN THIS BE TRUE?

"I would like to have an advertisement inserted."

This is a slogan that would resurrect a dead man behind a newspaper counter, and the clerk turned as if moved by an electric current, and exclaimed:

"Yes, sir; want the top of the column, I s'pose?"

"No; I am not particular," said the advertiser.

"Want it inside, next leading editorial?"

"Either page will answer," replied the other.

"Want a cut of a death's head and marrow bones, or a sore leg, to make it attractive, or a portrait of the advertiser with long hair and a turn-down collar?"

"Clear type, black ink and white paper are good enough for me," was the response.

"All right; want head-line in type an inch longer than Jenkins' ad. in next column, or will you have it put in upside down, or your name in crooked letters like forked lightning all over it?"

"No; a plain, straightforward advertisement in space of four inches will answer my purpose."

"Good enough. Want about ten inches of notice free, don't you? Family history; how your grandfather blacked Washington's boots once; mention of yourself as a member of a circulating library, church, fire company, co-operative store, base ball club, and other important public positions?"

The customer said he did not care for any notice.

"Of course," said the clerk, "you want a free paper sent to each member of the firm; one for yourself, with the privilege of taking half a dozen copies off the counter every week or two because you advertise?"

The gentleman expected to pay for the paper and asked the price of advertisement.

The delighted clerk figured it up, and then asked:

"If we send the bill around in about a year, you can tell the boy when to call again, can't you?"

"No, I will pay you now," said the other, taking out a roll of bills.

The newspaper man's eyes bulged as he said:

"Ah! you want to ask for seventy-five per cent. discount and twenty-five per cent. off for cash?"

"I am ready to pay a fair price for value received. Tell me your regular rates and here is the money."

A beautiful expression overspread the wan face of the worn clerk, and he murmured:

"Stranger, when did you come down, and when do you expect the Apostles along?"—*Boston Bulletin.*

BABY ELEPHANT.

Barnum is overjoyed at his acquisition—the baby elephant—and declared that $300,000 could not buy it. He offers $52,000 for an insurance on the life of the infant for 52 weeks. Surely if he knew the full value of *Peruna* and *Manalin* he would do no such fool ish thing, as they are the most successful protective medicines that have ever been introduced to the human family. No man can take any disease while taking *Peruna* before each meal and keeping the bowels regular with *Manalin* Ask your druggist for the book on the "Ills of Life."

A NOBLE part of every true life is to learn to undo what has been wrongly done.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

Rub sprains, bruises, and lameness with the paste made from salt and the white of an egg.

A handful of flour bound on a cut will immediately stop the bleeding.

For burns, bind on moistened baking soda. It will give prompt and permanent relief.

The best treatment for sprains and bruises is the application of water of such temperature as is most agreeable.

Thoroughly wetting the hair once or twice a week with a weak solution of salt water will keep it from falling out.

Hemmorhages of the lung or stomach is promptly checked by small doses of salt. The patient should be kept as quiet as possible.

For a scald or burn, apply immediately pulverized charcoal and oil. Lamp oil will do, but linseed is better. The effect is miraculous.

To make lemon cake, one cup of sugar, four eggs, three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, three tablespoonfuls of baking powder and one cup of flour.

For chapped lips mix two tablespoonfuls of clarified honey, with a few drops of lavender water or any other perfume and anoint the lips frequently.

Charcoal forms an unrivaled poultice for wounds and old sores. It is also invaluable for what is called proud flesh, It is a great disinfectant.

Don't sleep in a draught; don't go to bed with cold feet, and don't eat what you do not need just to save it, are the notes of warning sounded by Dr. Foote's *Health Monthly.*

A teaspoonful of charcoal in half a glass of warm water often relieves a sick headache. It absorbs the gasses and relieves the distended stomach, and pressing against the nerves that extend from the stomach to the head.

A good remedy for warts and corns: Drop a little vinegar on the wart and cover it immediately with cooking soda or saleratus; let it remain ten minutes. Repeat several times a day for three or four days and the wart will be gone.

A CURE FOR SCIATICA.—A cure for neuralgia and sciatica—and, as I am told, an unfailing one—is too valuable not to be recorded.

An English officer, who served with distinction in the war with Napoleon, was once laid up in a small village in France with a severe attack of sciatica. It so happened that at that time a tinman was being employed in the house where he lodged, and that this tinman, having been himself a soldier, took an interest in the officer's case, and gave him the cure which, in this instance, succeeded immediately and forever, and which I am about to set down. It is at any rate so simple as to be worth a trial.

Take a moderate sized potato, rather large than small, and boil it in one quart of water. Foment the part affected with the water in which the potato has been boiled as hot as it can be borne at night before going to bed; then crush the potato and put it on the affected part as a poultice. Wear this all night and in the morning beat the water, which should have been preserved, over again, and again foment the part with it as hot as it can be borne. This treatment must be persevered with for several days. It occasionally requires to be continued for as much as two or three weeks, but in the shorter or longer time it has never yet failed to be successful. —*Vanity Fair.*

IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY AT

Hasson's New CHEAP STORE,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

IF YOU WANT ANY OF THE

Honest Goods at Honest Prices

EMBRACED IN THE FOLLOWING LIST:

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